

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 570.—Vol. XXII.

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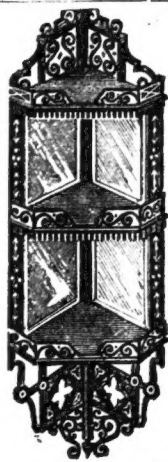
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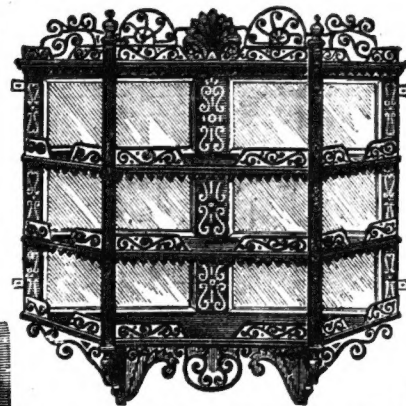
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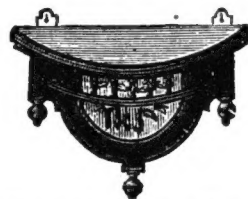
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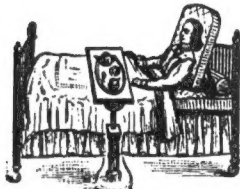
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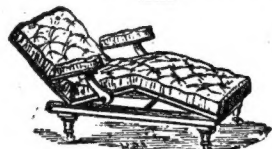
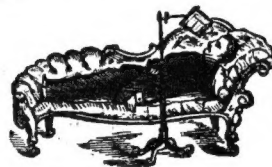
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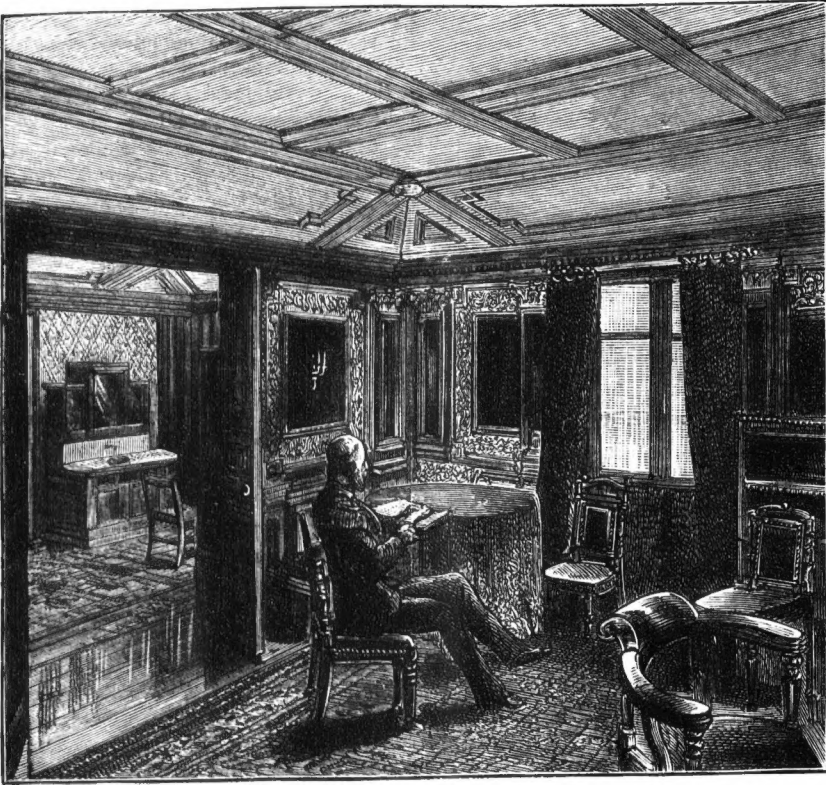
THE GEOGRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1880

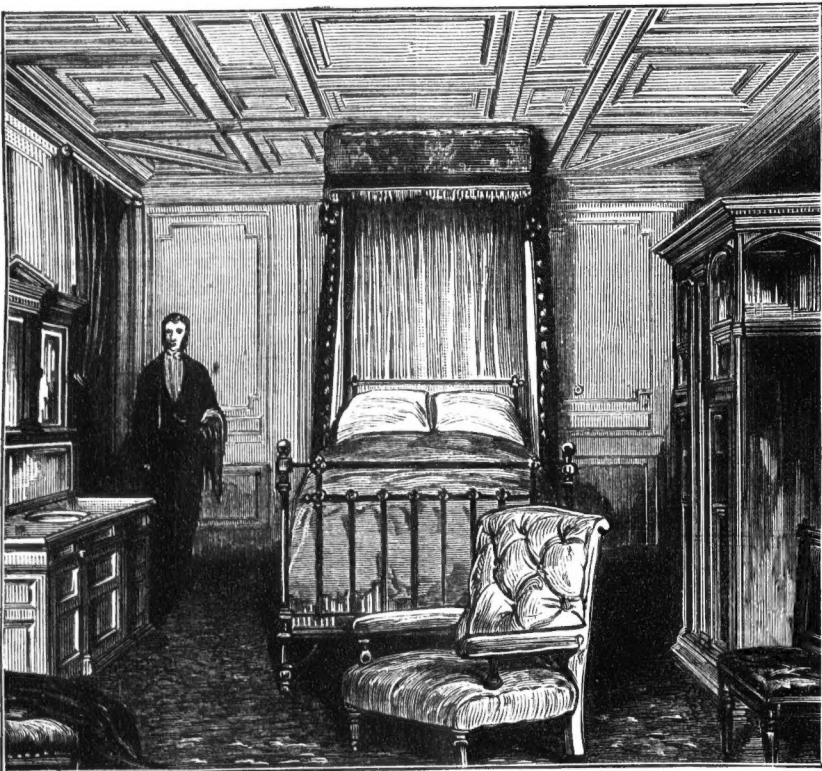
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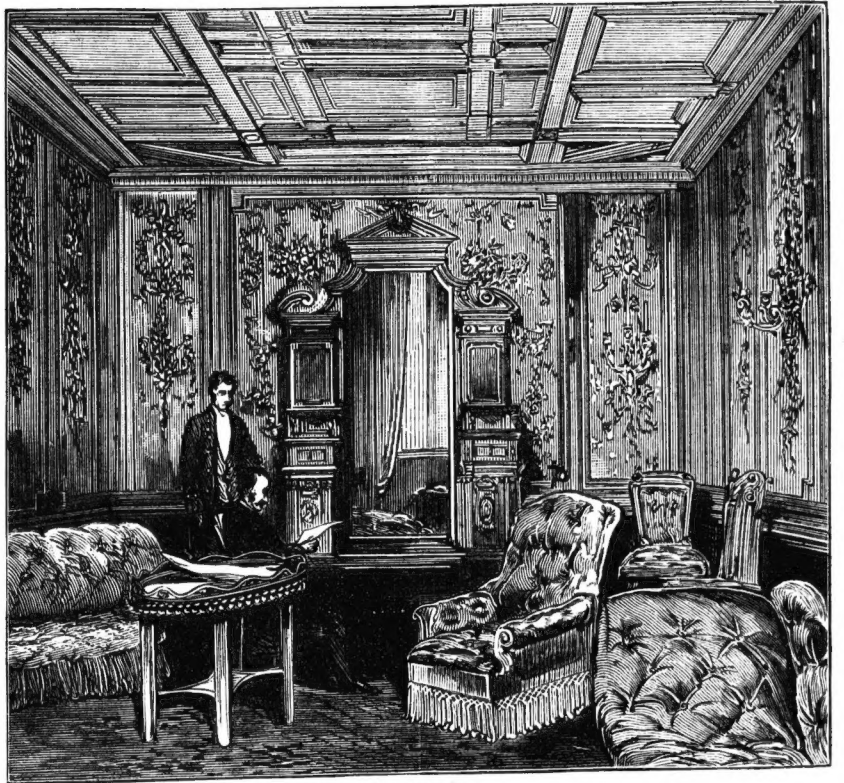
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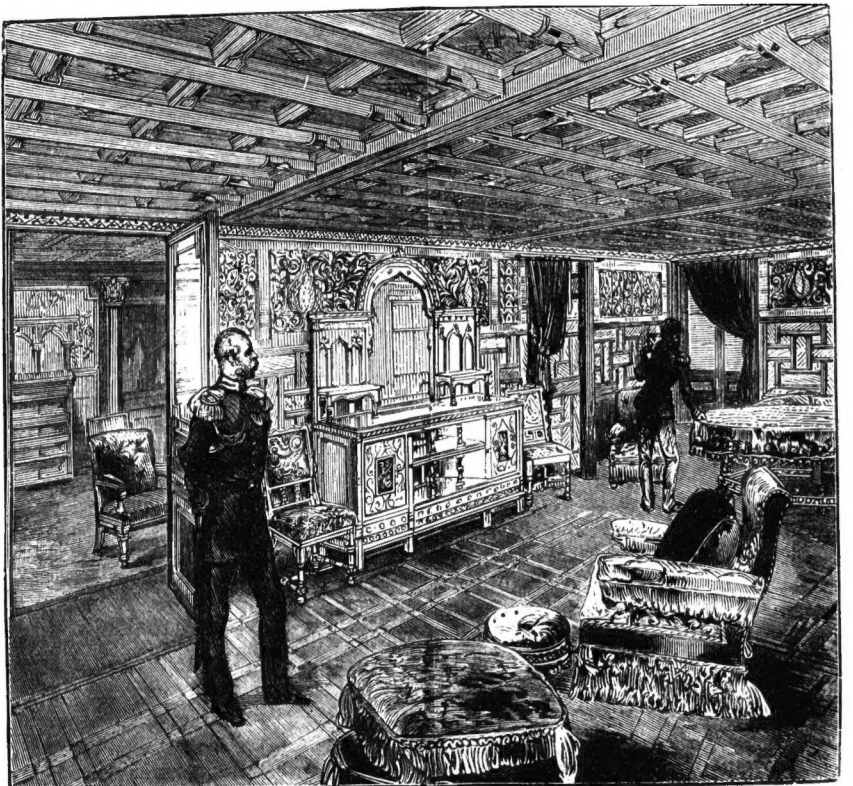
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Topics of the Week

GOVERNMENT POLICY IN IRELAND.—A Ministerial print, adopting Cavour's well-known maxim that "Any one can govern with a state of siege," applauds the Government for their "political courage" in refraining from asking for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in Ireland. But the question remains whether they are justified in displaying "political courage" at other people's expense. While in England the Ministers are posing in this courageous attitude, in Ireland outrage and intimidation prevail. If the suspension of Habeas Corpus would prevent even some of these outrages, the Government are blameworthy not to demand it; and that the effect of such suspension is most salutary is proved by the experience of 1871, when under such an Act agrarian crime, which had before been rife, vanished with magical rapidity. Thus the suspension possesses the great advantage of being a measure of prevention rather than of punishment, nor does it inflict any inconvenience on peaceable people. The hesitation of the Government is possibly due to less dignified motives than a desire to be politically courageous. After their cheerful boast that they were about to banish Irish discontent, they are ashamed to resort to the old coercive processes. Besides, they would have to summon Parliament, and, though in their endeavours to reassert the reign of law in Ireland, they would be cordially supported by the Conservative party, every possible device would be employed by the Irish revolutionary members to hinder such legislation. Moreover, if Parliament were sitting, inconvenient questions might be asked concerning affairs in Turkey and Afghanistan. With regard to the Land Leaguers, the legal advisers of the Crown are of opinion that a specific offence can be alleged against them, namely, that they have attempted to supersede the law of the land by the "unwritten law" of the Land League. The charge against Mr. Healy is of a more specific character, and has possibly been adopted as a convenient prelude and test for proceedings against others. It is possible, but not probable, that these protracted prosecutions may abate the existing agitation. Our own belief is that more decisive action would have been wiser. What the mass of Englishmen desire is that the existing causes of discontent in Ireland should be thoroughly and dispassionately investigated, and that, if possible, a remedy in the shape of altered Land Laws should be provided; but, in order to gain this much-wished-for end, it is imperative that the present condition of insecurity and error should be abated.

THE AUSTRIAN RED BOOK.—In his speech at Taunton Lord Salisbury made large use of the Austrian Red Book, and it was natural that he should do so, since it contains the only official information which has yet been given to the world respecting the origin of the Naval Demonstration. Its revelations certainly do not tend to increase popular confidence in the European Concert. Russia was willing enough to accept Mr. Gladstone's proposals, and even to go beyond them; but nowhere else did he meet with much encouragement. Austria at once threw various obstacles in the way; Germany would on no account undertake to support "ulterior proceedings" against Albania; and France insisted that neither should troops be landed nor a shot fired. As these circumstances must have been known to the Porte, it can hardly be considered surprising that it hesitated for so long a time even to promise the cession of Dulcigno. We may now feel tolerably confident that, when this town is surrendered, we shall hear no more of the Naval Demonstration. If France and the Central European Powers were so anxious not to interfere in a matter which seemed to present little danger, they will scarcely be prepared to associate themselves with an enterprise which would be full of peril. Some of Mr. Gladstone's supporters talk rather bitterly of the supposed selfishness of these States, but it is to misuse words to say that Governments are "selfish" because they shrink from the responsibility of stirring up a great conflict. It is, of course, possible that Turkey might be coerced without the outbreak of a general war, but all the evidence points the other way. Most people sincerely wish that the Greek claims were satisfied; but would it be worth while to satisfy them immediately at what might be so terrible a cost?

VATICAN *versus* QUIRINAL.—That the present Pope is more cautious and less pugnacious than his predecessor may be taken for granted, but he is certainly not such a neutral-tinted theologian as some sanguine people in this country imagined him to be at his accession. These good folks seem to have thought that he would turn out to be a sort of Transalpine Dean of Westminster, with a kindly sympathy for all sectarians outside the pale of his own communion. If any of our countrymen still cherished such illusions they must have been rudely dispelled by the speech of last Sunday, which might almost have been delivered by Pius IX., so vigorously were the destroyers of the Temporal Power denounced. Although to Englishmen, who have long been accustomed to the toleration of all shades of religious belief, there is something almost comical in the Pope's complaint that he is deprived of the liberty of abridging the liberty of heretics; still, even a Protestant, and especially an English Protestant, may justly sympathise in some respects

with the Pope on the loss of the Temporal Power. The claims of the Popes to a certain portion of the soil of Italy date from a very ancient period; their system of Government, at all events of late years, was rather meddling and grandmotherly than oppressive and unjust; and the seizure of Rome was accomplished in rather a shabby manner, when France, who would otherwise have defended the Pope, lay prostrate. But on the other hand, it is to be urged that United Italy did not so much want to turn the Pope out as to regain her ancient and famous mother-city, and that ever since 1861 Italian monarchs and statesmen have been persistently holding out the olive branch to the Vatican, although their overtures have been as persistently rejected. What the mass of Italians would like is neither a Pope sulking in the Vatican, nor a Pope exercising sway in some foreign land, but a Pope sitting side by side with their King, the one administering theological, the other temporal, affairs. The Church of Rome, however, under the influence of successive revolutions, has gradually crystallised into such an uncompromising attitude that it is doubtful if this dream will ever be realised. Meanwhile, it is significant, and should convey a lesson to the Pope and his advisers, that Roman Catholics generally are wonderfully indifferent to the loss of the Temporal Power. If they really wanted it, they could get it back. That they do not try and get it back is a tolerable proof that in their hearts they think their Chief is none the worse without it.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF GREECE.—The Greeks are talking with great bitterness about the manner in which they have been treated by the Powers; and it is impossible to say that their complaints are unfounded. There is no reason to suppose that on the ground of the Treaty of Berlin alone they would have made formidable preparations for the satisfaction of their claims. That Treaty did, indeed, mark out for them a new frontier; but it imposed no sort of obligation on the Powers to execute their own scheme. The situation was entirely changed by the Berlin Conference. It is true that even at the Conference Europe gave no formal pledge of doing anything for the Greeks; but they naturally assumed that their cause had received the sanction of the civilised world. They forthwith began to make ready for action, and incurred an expenditure which was far greater than their circumstances justified. And now, it seems, they are, after all, to be put off with mere vague promises. It would be difficult to conceive a more severe trial of patience; and the English Ministry cannot be surprised if they are more harshly blamed than any other Government. It was by their advice that the Berlin Conference met; and they encouraged extravagant hopes by rather wild talk about the Naval Demonstration. It has been suggested that Great Britain should compensate Greece for her useless sacrifices. This suggestion is not likely to commend itself to many Englishmen; but the Greeks may be pardoned if they consider that the proposal is not altogether unreasonable. The obvious moral of their disappointment is that they should not listen too eagerly to the sanguine anticipations of their friends, but coolly judge every scheme for their benefit in the light of the general circumstances of Europe.

THE ALLEGED OUTBREAK AT CABUL.—Up to the time we write, no confirmation of the disquieting rumours from Cabul has been received. It is possible that the interruption of our communications is caused by some disturbance among the hill-tribes, nevertheless bazaar reports often prove true, and unfortunately there is no intrinsic improbability in the statement either that Cabul is in insurrection, or that the new Ameer has been murdered. Time out of mind, Afghanistan has been a region afflicted by faction and internal broils, and this state of affairs has been most assuredly aggravated ever since our ill-judged invasion. At the present moment, if there can be said to be any "throne" in a country so divided in its allegiance, there are at least three claimants to it, namely, the dispossessed Yakoo, whom we regard as a traitor, but who still has a following among his countrymen; Ayoo Khan, who, despite his defeat at Baba Wali, still purposes to make another spring from Herat; and Abdurrahman, the man of our choice, who, according to the Viceroy's sanguine anticipations, was gradually to consolidate his power, and extend it over the whole country. Such a condition of affairs, with so many pretenders in the field, among a population many of whom look on fighting and plunder as the main business of life, does not promise well for future tranquillity. In view of these contingencies, therefore, and as we cannot now draw back from the consequences of our previous interference, it is questionable whether our Government was wise in retiring from Cabul. But even if this be a doubtful point, no one deserving the name of a statesman will be likely to recommend the abandonment of Candahar, until at least there is a fair prospect of a native authority there which can hold its own against other competitors.

CONTENTING PARTIES.—The Government cannot complain that (so far, at least, as their Eastern policy is concerned) they have been badly treated by their opponents. The Tories have, indeed, maintained a very unusual silence: a silence which forms a remarkable contrast to the angry denunciations which used to be directed against Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues. This silence has now been broken by Lord Salisbury, and we may expect that the prominent men of the two great parties will soon be attacking

each other in the old style. They have some very definite issues about which to fight; and these issues will become still more definite if the Government seriously thinks of intervening on behalf of Greece, and has no intention of taking vigorous measures for the restoration of order in Ireland. Which of the two parties is likely to make the strongest impression on public opinion? This question is, no doubt, occupying the minds of many politicians; but it is a question which nobody is in a position to answer with confidence. So many prophecies were falsified by the General Election that prudent men are now unwilling to commit themselves to any very precise forecast. The truth is that the English democracy is to a large extent an unknown force. We cannot tell what are the appeals to which it would instinctively respond, the causes which are fitted to stir its enthusiasm. In the mean time, however, we can see plainly enough that the Tories are in one respect at a serious disadvantage. The Liberal party has at its disposal plenty of vigorous orators, whereas, with the exception of Lord Salisbury (who is not popular), the other side has not a single speaker who even approaches the highest rank. If Lord Beaconsfield were a younger man, he would hold his own with the best; but he is now probably too old to do more than advise his followers. Sir Stafford Northcote is universally esteemed, but he lacks force and originality. This deficiency can scarcely fail to have an important influence on the fortunes of the Conservatives in the near future.

POST-OFFICE IMPROVEMENTS.—Ever since Rowland Hill carried out his beneficent aims, the Post-Office has been such a go-ahead department of the State that we are led to expect reforms and improvements there which we should never look for in more jog-trot branches of the Government service. The Post-Office is trying to teach boys and girls to save up their pennies; it is about to give us what, if it succeeds, will practically be a paper currency for small sums; it has stimulated the demand for telegrams to such an extent that the price paid to the Telegraph Companies for their privileges ten years ago, though it seemed extravagant then, was evidently by no means a bad bargain. And now people are demanding cheaper telegraphic messages, and, as cheapness will ultimately bring more profit, their demands will probably before long be granted. For ourselves, we should like to see the Berlin "blow-post" introduced into our large towns. We have it already, but only for the convenience of the Post-Office authorities, not for the direct service of the public. The ordinary post is very cheap, but (between two distant suburbs) often provokingly slow. The electric current is not always swift, being partly dependent on boy-agency—it is dear, it is troublesome, and its communications cannot be kept private. What we want is the pneumatic-tube, with despatch-boxes thickly scattered about the town, and swift delivery ensured by the prepayment of a three-penny stamp. Try it, Mr. Fawcett. Irritated by its delays, we often now say, "Blow the post!" We shall then bless the blow-post.

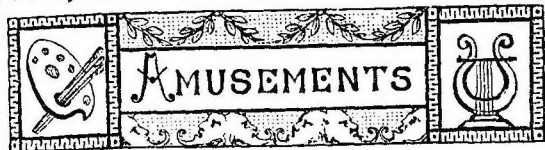
A NEW POWER IN THE EAST.—It will be strange if England does not soon begin to take profound interest in the movements of the Kurds in Persia. These wild tribes have not been hitherto of much importance, because they have been weakened by internal disputes. Now, however, they seem to have passed under the control of a leader of genuine power, who means, if he can, to carve out for himself a great State. When the news of his proceedings first reached Europe, it was generally assumed that he was merely engaged in a marauding expedition; but subsequent telegrams have disposed of this notion. He is at the head of a powerful army, which advances in three divisions, and which has inflicted a serious defeat on the Persians. Clearly, his object is to make himself master of Persia; and it is not at all improbable that he may succeed. True, he is without artillery; but the artillery of the Persians may not be worth very much, and in any case Persian soldiers have an unenviable notoriety for the promptitude with which they "bolt" from a formidable enemy. The Kurds have vigour and ambition; and good generalship may enable them to make up for imperfect equipments. The Persian people are in a state of great alarm, but this is not occasioned by dislike to the idea of the Shah being replaced by a new ruler. His system of government is quite as bad as that of the Sultan, and if it were not for the violence and disorder which would attend a change of dynasty, his subjects would be well pleased to get rid of him. If there is to be such a change, England cannot afford to watch it with indifference. A strong sovereign on the throne of Persia would speedily begin to think of fresh conquests; and we should unquestionably find sooner or later that he was crossing our path.

DENTISTS.—Unlike any other part of our organisation, teeth worry us from the cradle to the grave, and yet their care has always been regarded as rather a humble branch of the art of healing. In our young days tooth drawing and cupping were coupled together in flourishing gold letters on the druggist's window pane, and the regular medical practitioner usually considered that the taking out of teeth was rather an operation for the druggist than for himself. Either our ancestors had sounder teeth than we have, or they were content to pull out where we try to arrest decay by "stopping." At all events, by degrees a distinct branch of professionals

OCT. 30, 1880

arose with whom the extraction of teeth was a comparatively trifling matter, and whose chief business lay either in the making and setting of artificial teeth, and in shaping them to the mouth of the patient, or in striving to preserve teeth which had begun to decay. A large proportion of these practitioners are (and have been for many years past) men of liberal education and great skill in their special calling; but, as for a long time they had no recognised professional status, there were mingled with them, under the common popular denomination of "dentist," a number of ill-educated unskilful persons, some of whom, indeed, as legal records will show, were no better than vulgar impostors. Not long since Sir John Lubbock obtained the passage of an Act by which, for the future, all dentists, before they can practise their craft, must obtain a diploma of efficiency. This sounds very satisfactory, but unfortunately our legislators, with more good nature than good sense, suffered a clause to be inserted by which all existing dentists were allowed to register themselves. Numbers whose qualifications were of the slenderest hastened to avail themselves of the privilege, and hence until all these ingenious gentlemen have died, or made their fortunes, or taken to some other line of life, it is quite possible that a man may be a registered dentist, and yet, in the judgment of such a body as the British Dental Association, be quite unfitted for the profession which he pursues.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT entitled, "SONS OF THE BRAVE," from the picture by P. R. MORRIS, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CORSIAN BROTHERS Every Night at 8.30. Louis and Fabien die Franchi, Mr. Irving. At 2.30 BYGONES, by A. W. Pinero. Doors open at 7. Special Morning Performances of THE CORSIAN BROTHERS, Saturdays, Oct. 30 and Nov. 6 and 13. No Wednesdays, Nov. 3 and 10, at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5 daily. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—MRS. S. BATEMAN, Proprietor and Manager.—Engagement of Mr. CHARLES WARNER. THE LADY OF LYONS, Lord Lytton's Favourite Play, for a few nights only. Claude Melnotte, Mr. Charles Warner; Beaumont, Mr. E. H. Brooke; Pauline, Miss Isabel Bateman, her first appearance in this character. THE LADY OF LYONS at 8. Preceded by a Fance at 7. Prices from 6d. to 75. 6d. No Fees.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening, at 7 (Friday and Saturday excepted), NED KELLY, Misses Summers, Rayner; Messrs. J. H. Clynns and Evans, Lewis MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Concluding with (Friday and Saturday excepted), THROUGH THE FIRE. Mrs. S. Lane, Misses Adams, Bellair, Brewer; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Reynolds, Bigwood. Friday and Saturday, New Drama by Mrs. S. Lane, entitled RED JOSEPHINE. GUY FAWKES. Grand Display of Fireworks.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.—Production of the Olympic Drama, THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN. Mr. J. H. Clynns as "Bob Brierley." At 8, THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN. Messrs. J. H. Clynns, Messrs. Sennett, Monkhouse, Syme, Parker, Grant, Vincent, Inch, &c.; Misses Marie Allen, Elliott, J. Coveney, Inch, and M. A. Victor. Preceded, at 7, by A TRIP TO RICHMOND.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. N. CHART.—On MONDAY, November 1, Engagement for Twelve Nights only of the Unrivalled and World-famed BARRY SULLIVAN and Company.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—On MONDAY NEXT, November 1st, GRAND GALA NIGHT in Celebration of the Commencement of the MOORE AND BURGES'S PATENT SIXTEENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR IN LONDON. When an Entirely NEW AND BRILLIANT PROGRAMME will be presented.

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THE "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING ON WOOD.—Some years ago a belief prevailed that before long wood-engraving would be superseded by various less costly processes. This belief, without doubt, deterred persons from embarking in a profession which they feared might before long prove unremunerative. Experience has shown that these fears were baseless. Wood-engraving holds, and is likely to continue to hold, its own against all competitors. But, meanwhile, there is a great scarcity at the present time of good engravers; and unless a practical effort is made to attract clever students into the profession, the most artistic work will fall into the hands of foreigners. For some time past the Proprietors of *The Graphic* have experienced an increasing difficulty in obtaining the assistance of high-class engravers, and they have therefore determined to form a School of Engraving, in which the students will be instructed for a term of five years. No premium will be required; but the candidates will be selected according to the merits of their drawings submitted, and after selection they will still have a fortnight's trial before being definitively accepted. After the first year, the students will be paid a sum according to progress made, varying from £13 3s. until 6 p.m., with an hour allowed for the hours of attendance will be from 9 a.m. until 6 p.m., with an hour allowed for dinner; but students regularly attending evening classes at the Government Schools of Engraving will be allowed to leave at 5 p.m. Intending candidates must send in specimens of their drawings, stating whether they are original or copies, also age of candidate, addressed "To the Manager of *The Graphic*, 190, Strand, W.C.," and marked "Drawings for Competition."

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ON BOARD THE "LIVADIA"

THE monster floating palace or pleasure yacht constructed for the Czar of All the Russias has proved her speed and stability as a sea-going vessel, her behaviour on the voyage from the Clyde to the coast of France being everything that could be expected or desired. The speed attained was about 18½ miles an hour, and the oscillation, measured by special instruments of great exactitude, was only one degree from the horizontal lengthways, and a fraction of a degree crosswise. The only untoward incident of the voyage was the extraordinary accident which caused the death of one of the crew, a stoker, who, while engaged in fixing an electric lamp, incautiously laid hold of it so as to divert the current into his own body, and was, of course, struck dead instantly. We have already illustrated and described the general appearance and construction of the *Livadia* (*Graphic*, July 17, 1880), and we shall now confine ourselves to a brief account of her principal apartments which are shown in our engravings this week, and which were designed and decorated by Mr. William Leiper, of Bath Street, Glasgow. The Czar's Grand Saloon, which occupies almost the whole of the fore part of the awning deck, is decorated in the Louis Seize style, the carved ceiling being supported by Ionic pillars, and the panels fitted with tapestry; while amongst the furniture are a magnificently gilded and mirrored cabinet, an elegant marble fountain, and couches and chairs in profusion, all elaborately worked with floral designs. The Crimean Tartar Saloon has a richly emblazoned ceiling with a frieze of old Damascus tiling, enamelled to represent the Persian peacock pattern, and divided by bands of onyx so as to form panels. Below, the walls are wainscoted in cross-cut woodwork, gilded and decorated with all the colours of the rainbow. A grand piano, coloured blue, chrome, and bright brick red on an ivory ground, will give some idea of the miscellaneous admixture of colour in this chamber of barbaric splendour. The prevailing colour of the gilded chairs is amber, and the curtains are of heavy marone-coloured velvet. The Czar's sitting-room is entered from this gorgeous chamber; but here the taste is more consonant with modern notions. The pollard oak and satin-wood walls are panelled with tapestry of the Louis Seize period; and the walnut furniture is associated with olive-green coverings and rich hangings to the windows and doors. The Emperor's bedroom is similar in style; but a large green-leathered couch on one side of the room conceals a bath cut from a solid block of marble. The rooms originally designed for the Empress, of which "the Boudoir" is one, are identical with the Emperor's, except that the furniture is all sky-blue satin. The Grand Duke's apartments are wainscoted with satin-wood and walnut mouldings; the upper parts of the walls being panelled with dark green velvet, occasionally contrasted with rich tapestry. Marone velvet curtains are hung at the windows, and every door has a rich golden-lined curtain suspended from a brass rod. The bedrooms are furnished as they would be on land, brass bedsteads, walnut wardrobes, marble washstands, writing-tables, and leather-covered lounges and easy chairs being found in nearly every room on the ship from the main deck upwards. Bunks are unknown in the vessel, for in the fore-castle the hammock is used.

The lighting of the ship is effected by the most elaborate machinery, eight engines of 15-horse power each being employed to work a like number of electro-dynamic machines, each of which provides for four lamps on the Jablochhoff system. While crossing the Bay of Biscay the *Livadia* encountered a heavy gale, and damage was done to her bow plating by collision with some floating wreckage. The necessary repairs will be effected

at Ferrol, where she now lies, and whence she will afterwards proceed on her voyage to the Black Sea.—Our engravings are from photographs by Bedford Lemere, 147, Strand, W.C.

THE INTERNATIONAL BALLOON CONTEST

In explanation of our sketches on page 412, it is necessary to say that the first two represent incidents at the Inter-Municipal Banquet, given at the Mansion House on the previous Tuesday, when M.M. Fonvielle and Perron, the French aeronauts, and M.M. Cernesson and Vanderstraten, the Municipal Representatives of Paris and Brussels, were amongst the guests. The "official inspection" took place in the Crystal Palace on the day originally fixed for the ascent, as did also the "unofficial inspection;" two ladies, Commander Cheyne's daughter and a friend, being induced by Mr. Wright to explore the interior of his balloon. "Poulticing the valve" is an operation absolutely necessary before inflation, to prevent the escape of the gas. Fixing the car is a work of considerable difficulty, especially if there is much wind. It is usually effected before the inflation is completed. "The Rivals" shows the two balloons as they appeared immediately before the start; the sketch being made from an instantaneous photograph by Negretti and Zambra. "The Start" shows the car of the English balloon, with Mr. Wright, the aeronaut, enthusiastically waving the national ensign. On page 430 will be found a letter from M. de Fonvielle, the French aeronaut, describing the voyage and descent of his balloon.

VIEW OF TUNIS

NOTWITHSTANDING the march of modern civilisation, and the introduction of railways, telegraphs, gas, and water-works, the general appearance of Tunis, especially from a distance, has very little changed during the last fifty years. It stands on an isthmus separating two salt lakes; that to the north-east communicates with the sea at the Goletta, the port of Tunis. One of the most prominent objects in this sketch is the Mosque of Sidi Mahrez, distinguished by its large dome, surrounded by smaller cupolas.—This sketch is taken from the hill, called by the Europeans Belvedere, and is from a collection of drawings made by Sir Grenville Temple in 1832, and now in the possession of Col. R. L. Playfair, Her Majesty's Consul-General in Algeria.

ON BOARD THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT

EVERY summer, when Goodwood week has sounded the knell of the London season, and the tired votaries of fashion are beginning to think of the delights of the cool sea breeze and the charms of fine-weather yachting, most members of the Royal Family run down for a week or so to the Isle of Wight. Foremost amongst them are the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, as a rule, stay on board their yacht *Osborne*—a handsome vessel, comfortably fitted up with spacious apartments—not quite so Brobdingnagian nor so gorgeous as the Czar's floating palace, the *Livadia*, but yet quite sufficiently so to satisfy the taste of us more humble-minded Britishers. This year the Prince and Princess were joined by their two sons, home for a while from their ship, the *Bacchante*, on which they are serving as midshipmen, and one of whom—Prince George—rowed in a four-oared race with a crew from the *Alberta*. The Prince of Wales also frequently takes part in the various regattas which are held in the Solent during the season; and this year won the Queen's Cup with his new cutter, the *Formosa*.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. J. Russell and Sons, of Chichester and Portsmouth, and represents the Prince and Princess of Wales, their two sons, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and their three daughters on the deck of the *Osborne*—Lord Charles Beresford, who commands the yacht, being also included in the group.

THE COURT IN THE HIGHLANDS

SUCH is the personal popularity of the Prince of Wales, that were the "Young Chevalier" to come to life again, he would probably exclaim, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!" It is true that there are still Jacobites in the land, but their enthusiasm is of a very mild, sentimental order, seeing that they combine the carrying of relics with demonstrative loyalty to the House of Hanover. In one respect, certainly, it is doubtful whether Prince Charlie could have rivalled the Prince of Wales. Unless he was a more vigorous scion of royalty than we now suppose him to be, he would probably as a reel dancer have succumbed to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who, both as host at Abergeldie and as the honoured guest at other gillies' balls, not only looks remarkably well in the royal tartan, with all the appointments carefully and correctly studied, but dances with great spirit, swing, and precision, seeming equally at home in all varieties of Northern Terpsichoreanism. Amongst other gentlemen who excelled at these balls one may name, without being invidious, Lord Life, Mr. George Forbes of Asloon (who danced the Ghillie Callum), and Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail, who certainly sets the rising generation (if they need it) an example in vigour. On some of these occasions the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, and Prince Louis of Hesse greatly set off their Highland dress by the Star and Garter.

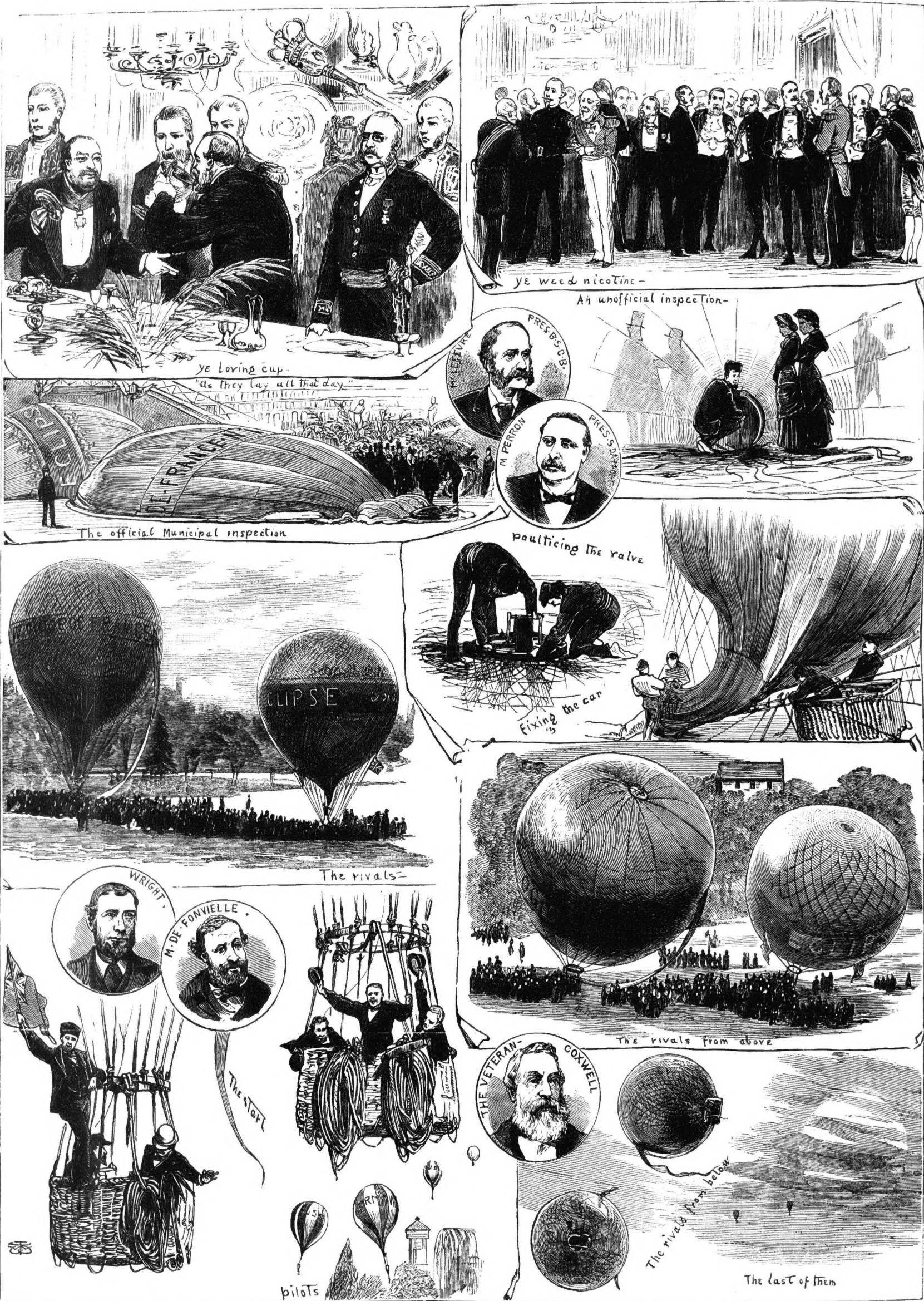
We subjoin a special description by our artist:— "During the week or ten days ending, shall we say, 16th October, in the Balmoral district, gillie balls were the order of the day, and (mildly) the disorder of the night; they are, however, most enjoyable things for those who have sinewy legs, the capacity for springing, capering, and twisting for eight hours, with their animal spirits at such high pressure that, as a safety valve, yells have to be freely indulged in; and, may I suggest, a love of that most lively instrument, the bagpipe, played by such a pair of human bellows strained to the utmost in honour of his tartan, should be added—to those so happily constituted, a gillie ball is a most enjoyable thing and a bright experience. If besides this a love of the weird and picturesque be possessed, greater still the treat—for the accessories of bonfires, torch-lit avenues, avenues in the sense that the trees, or candlesticks, are 'hielandmen,'—the drive, often of a dozen miles, to and fro between the shadowy passes, rocks, falls, forests, all bringing their share to the charms, though, now and then, some unforeseen dangers may arise.

"Occasionally at these balls those who may, for the sake of a better term, be described as 'gentlefolk' and their suites, form a formidable element compared to the number of gillies; still it apparently has only the effect of sustaining the spirit of emulation in activity and loudness of yells. At some of the more important gillie balls the dress of the ladies is prescribed—such as short dresses, the height or shape of the bodies, the scarf (or brooch) of their clan being de *rigueur*—all distinctions in rank, to a certain extent, being temporarily laid aside.

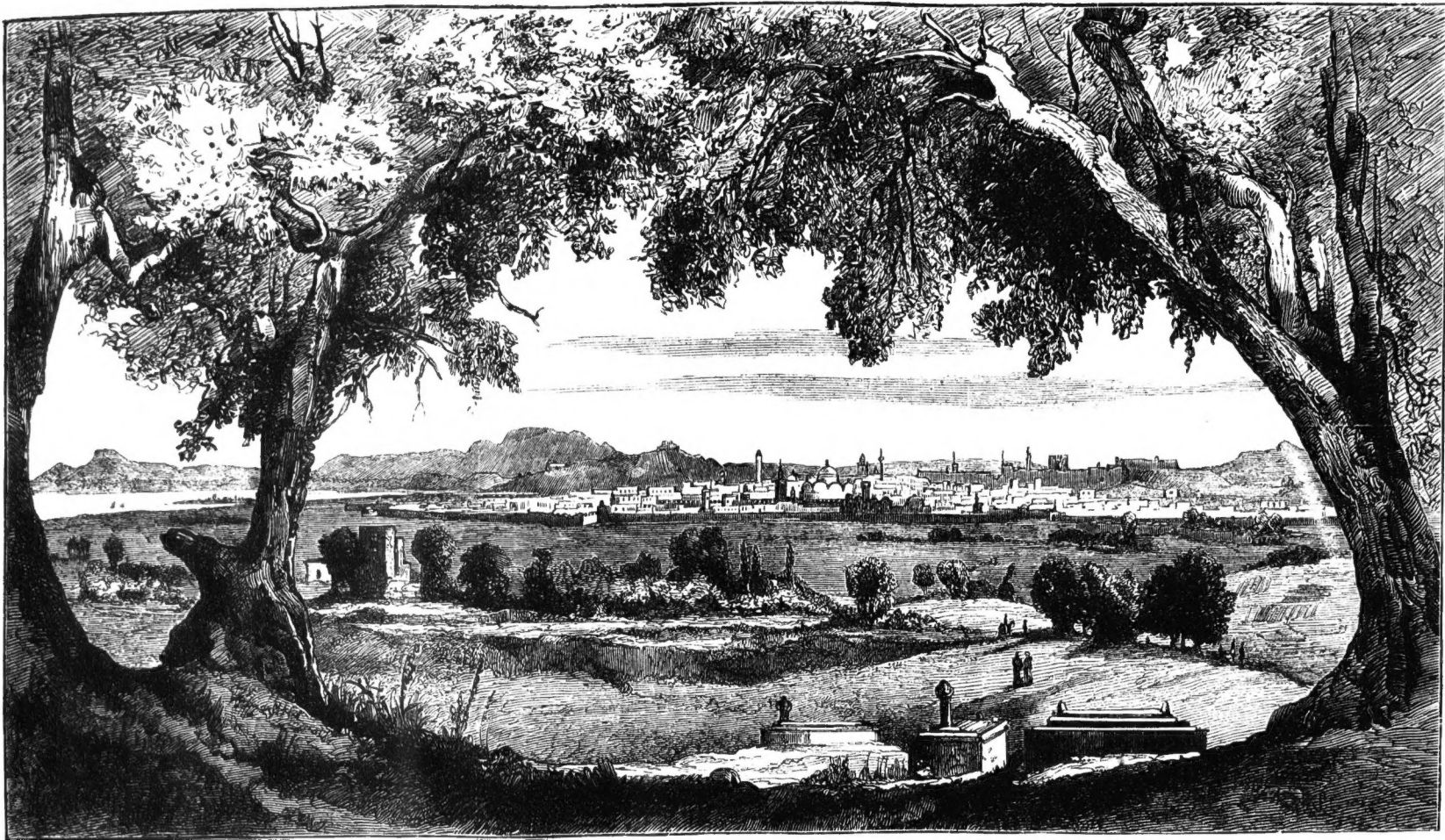
"The thumping of feet, yells, and general noise of the ball-room cannot be realised without leaving it for a time, and returning near to it."

RIVER LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

THAT interesting little animal, the beaver, was at one time so persistently hunted for the sake of its fur as to run the risk of extermination. When, however, silk was substituted for beaver in the manufacture of hats, the price of beaver fell considerably, and consequently the persecutors of these industrious creatures relaxed their ardour. Of late years again heavier fur is regaining its value. There are a few beavers still to be found in France; and it is declared by French naturalists that when these beavers were more numerous they formed communities, erected dams, and built houses, as their American brethren still do, but now the few which are left lead solitary lives, and content themselves with a burrow.—



THE INTERNATIONAL BALLOON CONTEST



AN ARTIST'S TOUR IN ALGERIA AND TUNIS. III.—VIEW OF TUNIS



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN, WITH CAPTAIN LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE"

Our sketches are by Mr. H. Bullock Webster, who writes thus concerning them:—"They represent scenes in 'Driftwood' River, a very rapid dangerous river, situated between Fort Conolly and Lake Tatla in Northern British Columbia. It is one of the best streams in the country for beaver, the best way of shooting them being to wait of an evening near a dam where they play about and feed. In the month of August, salmon come up the river from the coast to spawn, when the grizzlies come down from the mountains and get rolling fat on them. It is a very difficult river for canoeing, being rapid and crooked, and in some places very narrow. In one place it is completely blocked up by a huge drift pile, which we have to 'portage' over—very nasty work when the logs are wet and slippery.

"Leaving the river near Fort Conolly we have to take the canoe for nearly a mile through a narrow stream, which in many places is quite closed with beaver dams. We never kill these beavers, for without them we should be unable to get a canoe up this stream, their dams acting as locks.

"There are some nasty rapids in the river, and it is nervous work for a 'green-hand,' though there is really not much danger when you have Indians who know the river well."

A CRITICAL MOMENT

See page 422

VIEWS IN MINNESOTA

See page 428

"SONS OF THE BRAVE"

This was one of the most popular pictures in the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Military and naval pictures are usually attractive, they awaken a sense of national pride which cannot be regarded as unwholesome, inasmuch as it tends to lift the spectator, temporarily at all events, out of the rut of his own petty interests and ambitions, and reminds him that he is a member of a community with (in spite of innumerable faults and follies) a great and glorious historical past. And in Mr. Morris's picture we see issuing forth from the school portals the youngsters who, if occasion needs, will, we hope, emulate the deeds of their fathers, while a pathos is lent to the scene by the sombre dresses of the widows of various ages which are mingled with the bravery of the scarlet tunics.

The Duke of York's School is a Government institution at Chelsea for the education of the male orphans of British soldiers. It was established in 1803 by the Duke of York, and at present contains about 500 boys, who are brought up to some trade or prepared for the army. A branch of this establishment is devoted to the education of military schoolmasters. Similar schools exist in India. For Bengal there are the Lawrence Asylums in the Himalayas, and for Madras and Bombay schools at Ootacamund and in the Mahabeshwur Hills respectively.

THE LANDSLIP AT NAINI THAL

In a former issue we have given numerous illustrations of the gay little Hill station of Naini Thal, the summer residence of the Government of the North-Western Provinces of India, and we have also fully described the terrible disaster by which it was overtaken on Sept. 18, when upwards of forty Europeans and two hundred natives perished.

Concerning our present engraving, which exhibits the scene in the neighbourhood of the Assembly Rooms, Mr. Charles Pulley, Lieut. 3rd Goorkhas, says:—"The landslip has carried away with it and buried beneath its fall the whole of the buildings of the Victoria Hotel, the large premises known as Bell's Shop, where almost every article needed by Europeans was sold, and almost the whole of the Station Library and Assembly Rooms. Of these buildings, together with the polo and lawn tennis grounds, there is not a vestige remaining, save one end of the Assembly Rooms. All the rest is buried beneath the enormous mass of debris."

We may add that subscriptions are being raised on behalf of the widows and orphans and others rendered destitute by this lamentable occurrence. Gifts will be thankfully received by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House; by Messrs. Grindlay and Co., Parliament Street; and by Messrs. H. S. King and Co., Cornhill.

THE WAR IN BASUTOLAND

BASUTOLAND, the scene of our latest "little war" in South Africa, is a small mountainous State, some fifty miles broad by a hundred long, lying at the north-eastern extremity of Cape Colony, and bounded by the Orange Free State, Natal, and Kaffirland. The Basutos are a brave and warlike race, and for many years waged petty wars both with us and with the Dutch of the Orange Free State. In 1868, however, the paramount chief Moshesh appealed to British protection, and Basutoland was accordingly annexed to Cape Colony. For ten years the Basutos have led a peaceful and industrious life, have been rapidly advancing in the path of civilisation, and have on several trying occasions shown complete loyalty and good faith towards us; but, for some reason or other, it was thought necessary to include them under the provisions of the Native Disarmament Act of 1878. Unlike the Fingoes, who are looked upon with contempt by the other South African tribes, and who at once yielded up their arms, the Basutos have determinedly refused to comply with the Cape Government's request, and on force being attempted, have openly broken out into open revolt, headed by the chiefs Masupha and Lerothodi. The former, whose portrait we engrave from a photograph by G. N. Tudhope, Hermon, Basutoland, is a son of Moshesh, and an influential chief of the Basutos. He has never approved of his father's cession of his territory and the people to the Queen, and, now following the example of his father during his little wars, has retreated to the Basuto mountain stronghold of Thaba Bosigo, which he has strongly fortified. Thaba Bosigo, a correspondent of *The Times* tells us, is a good example of a Basuto position. It is an isolated hill, about 400 feet high, with a flat or table top, and with sides scarped away by natural causes. The summit is only accessible by three or four paths. Of these some are said to have been rendered inaccessible, others to be barred by lines of stone barricades, loopholed, and possessing flanking defences. On the mountain is good pasture to graze the cattle, plenty of water, and stores of grain and ammunition. Lerothodi has taken the open, and with different sections of his forces has been besieging Mohales Hoek and Mafeteng, two of our chief stations in Basutoland. Mafeteng was relieved last week by the Colonial forces, under Colonel Clarke; but another station, Maseru, suffered severely by an attack of Masupha's men, who, before being driven off, succeeded in burning the principal buildings of the station. Thus, the whole situation is considered exceedingly critical, and no little anxiety is felt throughout the colony, as it is doubted whether the Colonial forces will be able to cope with the rebels, who are admirable horsemen, possess 30,000 horses, and number in the aggregate some 130,000 souls. At present the call for volunteers in the colony has not been particularly successful. In Cape Town only twenty-six men recently came forward in answer to an appeal, and in Port Elizabeth only one. Consequently the authorities have been compelled to have recourse to the ballot to recruit the reinforcements.

AFGHANISTAN

LIEUTENANT EVERARD SWAINE MARSH, who was among the officers killed in the sortie of the British garrison from Candahar on August 16th, was a son of the Rev. William Marsh, Vicar of Withersfield, Essex. He was educated at Wellington College, and by Professor Wolfram, of Blackheath, as private tutor. He after-

wards passed out of the final examination at Sandhurst second on the list. He accompanied the relief force which was sent out to cover the retreat of the remnant of General Burrows' Brigade, and was killed in the attempt to save his wounded brother officer, Lieutenant Frederick Wood, of the same regiment, who was being carried back in a dooley, when two of the bearers were shot, and the two others ran away. He called out to Lieutenant Marsh not to leave him, and the reply was, "I'll do my best for you, old fellow." He and three men then lifted the dooley, when Lieutenant Marsh fell, shot through the heart. The following is an extract from a letter written to his parents by Colonel Daubeny:—"It was at the close of the action at Deh Khoja that your son was killed, for he had passed through the thick of the fight and was retiring on Candahar, when he was mortally wounded, at the mercy of left Lieutenant Wood, who was mortally wounded, at the mercy of the enemy. He at once got some men together and led them to the rescue, but in attempting to lift the dooley he was shot dead. It was a gallant act, and he died a soldier's death."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

HOMEWARD BOUND FROM CABUL

OUR illustration (from a sketch by Lieutenant C. H. More-Molyneux) represents the staff officers coming down the river Cabul on a raft made of mussocks or inflated bullocks' or goats' skins, connected together by rough planks and poles. The boatmen may be taken as types of Shinwarries, by whom most of the boat traffic is carried on. Their costume is that also seen between Jellalabad and Dakka. The distance from the former to the latter town is five marches, and a raft accomplishes this in one day, so that much time is thus saved. Sick officers and men are invariably sent down on them, although they are continually fired at by men on the northern bank of the river. A sick officer, whose raft had stranded at Lachipore, on the way down, was rescued only in sufficient time to save his life. The boxes on the raft look like mule boxes, and are called yakkdars. They are manufactured at Cabul, and in most parts of the Punjab. They are usually made of thin light skin, stretched over a framework, are thus peculiarly adapted for officers on service, and are easily carried by mules.

THE LATE LORD JUSTICE THESIGER

THE Right Hon. Alfred Henry Thesiger, Lord Justice of the Appeal, was the third son of the late Lord Chancellor Chelmsford. He was born in 1838, educated at Oxford, called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1862, and was for some time "Postman" of the Court of Exchequer. He was made a Queen's Counsel in 1873, and was also Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, until his elevation to the Bench in 1877, when he succeeded Sir Richard Amphlett as one of the Lord Justices of Appeal. The appointment of so young a man over the heads of his elders in the profession excited not a little adverse criticism at the time, but his conscientious attention to duty, and the unquestioned ability, impartiality, and lucidity of the judgments delivered by him during his brief career on the bench, has silenced all objections; the general opinion now being that his untimely death has deprived us of one who would probably have become a brilliant ornament to the Bench. He had only been ill for a few weeks, the cause of his death being inflammation in the ear, a previous affection of that organ having been aggravated by bathing in a rough sea. The late Lord Justice Thesiger married in 1863 a daughter of the Hon. George Handcock, fifth son of the late Lord Castlemaine, but he leaves no children. His remains were interred at Brompton Cemetery on Monday last, the funeral being attended by several of Her Majesty's Judges, the Attorney-General, and a large number of relatives and personal friends.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside and Regent Street.

H.M.S. "EURYALUS" AT MADAGASCAR

SOME weeks ago Rear-Admiral Gore Jones, C.B., in his flag-ship the *Euryalus*, visited Madagascar with the view of bringing about a peaceful understanding between that nation and France. In the course of the negotiations a visit was paid to the Governor of Tamatave, ending with a dinner to the officers of the *Euryalus*. One of our sketches (which are by Mr. A. Rayner, Assistant Engineer of the *Euryalus*) represents the Governor and Commander-in-Chief receiving their guests (the guard of honour and band being to the left) within the citadel from which the French and English fleets were repulsed in 1846. At the present time there is not a gun in the fortress. The orders given were in English, such as "Shoulder Arms," "Present Arms," while the band played an air which bore a strong family likeness to "God Save the Queen." "Going to the Dinner" shows the only mode of travelling all over Madagascar. The Admiral made his speech in French, which the Princess Juliette interpreted into her native language. The people of Tamatave are very quiet and orderly. The soldiers are finely built men, but badly dressed, and armed with the old flint-lock musket.



THE IRISH LAND AGITATION.—It is now positively affirmed that the Government is about to take proceedings against the leaders of the Land League. The Irish Secretary holds lengthy conferences daily with the law officers of the Crown, and it is confidently asserted that Mr. Parnell and about a dozen of his best known supporters are to be charged with conspiracy; and that if the common law and statutory powers fail to reach them, Mr. Forster will at once apply to Parliament for a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. One arrest has already been made, the delinquent being Mr. Timothy Martin Healy, and a nephew of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, secretary to Mr. Parnell; who has, however, been released on bail. He is charged with using intimidating language to a tenant farmer named Manning to induce him to give up a farm which he had recently taken. Mr. Healy, who was named as a Parnellite candidate for several constituencies at the last general election, made a speech at Bantry on the day after the murder of Mr. Hutchins, in which he said that if he were asked to reprobate outrage, he would certainly do so; but he would begin with the pampered well-fed landlords, who, during the first half of the present year, had issued 2,470 "sentences of death" (eviction notices), and when they had been dealt with and condemned, he would say his word of condemnation on the four miscreants who, famine-crushed and dispirited, had caused the death of landlords. Now that "martyrdom" is in the air, Mr. F. H. O'Donnell is anxious to become a member of the Land League; but the members have not yet made up their minds whether he shall be admitted. Mr. Parnell continues to deliver inflammatory speeches to excited audiences. Last Sunday he spoke of the Chief Secretary as "that pretended humanitarian, Buckshot Forster," and said that he was secondarily responsible for the murder of Lord Mountmorres, for which the House of Lords was primarily responsible. At the same meeting a Mr. Matthew Harris, of Ballinsloe, said that "if the tenant farmers shot down landlords, as partridges were shot down in September, he would never say one word against it," but, on the remonstrance of the chairman, he explained that what he meant was that, "if landlords were shot, he would not denounce the assassins as

he had done in former times." At other meetings the speeches were comparatively tame; and at Carrick-on-Shannon a man who said that there was no harm to shoot a bad agent was denounced as a spy in the pay of the landlords and the Government.

THE ELECTION INQUIRIES are still going on, a great cloud of witnesses being called up for examination in each town. The proceedings appear to be conducted in a light, easy-going, good-humoured manner; the most unblushing confessions of bribes and bribes being received with "laughter." On Saturday at Chester, whilst Mr. Chadwick, the unseated member, was giving evidence the President interrupted the examination, and after reading a long list of apparently contradictory answers which he had given, asked him to "kindly select out of these statements the one to which he would adhere," a challenge which met with no response. At Boston, an agent and solicitor named Wise has been deprived of his certificate for having been guilty of perjury, and the Commissioners have ordered the police to take out a summons for perjury against a man who denied receiving a bribe. At several places persons have had to apologise to the Commissioners for threatening or intimidating witnesses, notably at Macclesfield, where Mr. Alderman White had in a public speech spoken of a certain witness as "a disgrace to the community." He at first refused to retract or apologise, but the Commissioners' threat of committal for "contempt" soon wrought a change in his mind. At Canterbury on Friday, some 400 witnesses, chiefly voters of the lower class, who had received bribes, made claims for their attendance before the Commissioners. Some of the demands were exorbitant, but the average rate of payment was 3s. 6d. per day, this being granted to those only who could show that they had lost a daily income derived from actual labour.

POLITICAL SPEECHES.—On Tuesday last Lord Salisbury, after taking part in the inauguration of King Edward's School, Taunton, in the evening spoke at a Conservative banquet. He criticised the Ministerial policy generally, and said that the course pursued in the East had held us up to the ridicule of Europe. The Porte ought to give up Dulcigno; but Greece had no claim which could be sustained.—Mr. Herbert Gladstone, addressing his constituents at Leeds last week, said that there was no sign of the split between the Radicals and Moderate Liberals which the Tories hoped for, and professed to expect. If, however, any Moderate Liberals felt inclined to join the Tories, they might go, and the sooner the better. There would not be many, and he for one should not be sorry to lose a few.—Lord Northbrooke, speaking at the Winchester Liberal Working Men's Club on Tuesday night, congratulated the county on having won five seats at the last general election. He strongly reprobated the bribery and corruption that were now being revealed, and said that further legislation was imperatively needed. On Wednesday Mr. Cowen, replying to an address from his Irish constituents expressive of their gratitude for his services to Ireland, observed that ameliorative legislation could not all at once do away with the crimes of former English rulers, and said that the Land League scheme was identical with that suggested by Mr. Bright fourteen years ago, and was in reality a Conservative mode of dealing with the Irish difficulty. On the same day Messrs. Labouchere and Bradlaugh addressed their constituents. The former in the course of his speech announced his intention of bringing in a Bill for the abolition of the House of Lords; and the latter declared that he would try his hand at the reduction of the perpetual pension list, and spoke confidently of the issue of the action against him for illegally taking his seat in the House. He had voted ninety-five times, and one gentleman had a little bill of 45,000*l.* against him, so that he was glad he had a rich colleague.

FOG AND SMOKE.—The National Health and Kyrle Societies are endeavouring to ascertain the best means of lessening smoke and preventing fog; and they have requested Dr. Siemens, Professor Chandler Roberts, Captain Galton, and Messrs. Hoole, Statham, and Essie to form themselves into a committee of experts to examine the subject. It is intended to hold as soon as possible an exhibition of smoke preventing apparatus, and some attempt is to be made to enforce the Smoke Prevention Act in the metropolis.

A GRAND MASONIC BANQUET was given on Monday at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor to a large number of his brother Freemasons, amongst whom were the Prince of Wales, Royal Grand Master of England, the Duke of Connaught, Past Grand Warden of England, and Prince John of Glücksburg, Pro-Grand Master of Denmark. The company appeared in "full Masonic clothing," and the speakers conformed to the Masonic principle, which excludes all controversy in regard to religion and politics.

THE CHIEF TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT MANCHESTER was on Sunday last the scene of a fire, the origin of which is not known, but which did a great deal of damage to the building, and temporarily disabled about 300 wires.

THE CHAMBERLAIN MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN, erected at Birmingham in commemoration of the municipal services of Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., was on Tuesday unveiled, and presented to the town. After the ceremony Mr. Chamberlain received a congratulatory address from the Town Council, in responding to which he said that the proverb that a man was not a prophet in his own country should have no currency in that town. In municipal work there was room for the noblest ambition, and he was prouder of having been engaged with them in warring against disease and crime in Birmingham, than if he had been the author of the Zulu War or the instigator of the invasion of Afghanistan. In the evening Mr. Chamberlain was entertained at a banquet.

CABMEN'S SHELTERS have now become quite familiar to Londoners, and though they are by no means so numerous as we could wish them, the usefulness of those which have been established is pretty generally admitted. The St. George's Vestry, however, seem to entertain a different opinion, for they have decided, by twenty-seven votes to twenty-four, to call upon the Association to remove the shelter in Stockbridge Terrace, near Victoria Station, their reasons being that it is a "hideous block" and a "nuisance." Now that the winter nights are approaching, such accommodation is more than ever needed by poor cabbies, and we hope that the Association will not yield the point without a struggle.

THE GLASGOW SUNDAY SOCIETY held its first meeting on Tuesday, when Professor Tyndall delivered the inaugural address to a crowded audience, advocating the opening of picture galleries, museums, libraries, and public gardens on Sundays.

THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA was commemorated on Monday by the surviving officers, who dined together at Willis's Rooms, and by the men of the Brigade, who met for a like purpose at the Alexandra Palace. At both banquets the toast to the memory of those who fell in the battle was drunk in solemn silence, and at the Muswell Hill gathering the proceedings were brought to a close by the recitation of Tennyson's well-known poem.

A NEW SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL DISPENSARY has just been opened in Wells Street, by the Committee of the Dreadnought Seamen Hospital, Greenwich. Free relief will be given to *bona fide* seamen, and those who need hospital treatment will be sent in special conveyances to Greenwich.

THE TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL has not yet been "dedicated to observation," but it is now complete, and only awaits the addition of Mr. Boehm's statues of Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales. There is no refuge pavement on the western front, the Strand Board of Works not having as yet given their consent, although they have again been urged to do so, on the ground, as elegantly

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expressed by Mr. Bedford, that without it the Memorial will look "like a pig with one ear." The pavement on the north side of the roadway has been narrowed by several feet.

MR. RUSKIN'S LETTER to the students of Glasgow University has found a new defender in Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, who admires it as "downright honest and healthy, notwithstanding the fact that allusions to the Devil appear in it in two different places." Dr. Parker made this announcement at the close of a recent service in the City Temple, when he also gave notice that on an early date Mr. Ruskin would deliver an address in that building.

GUY'S HOSPITAL, if some radical change is not speedily made in its system of management, will soon in all likelihood be destitute of patients, for there seems to be no surety that any one will be properly treated there. The jury who found that William Pateman's death was accidental added to their verdict a recommendation that all patients taken to the hospital should be attended by a medical man; but they imputed no blame to anybody for the neglect of such a manifestly necessary regulation.

FREE TRADE IN AMUSEMENTS.—Some of the recent decisions of the Middlesex and Surrey magistrates with regard to music and dancing licenses are, as usual, very singular and unsatisfactory. Side by side with the refusal of a license for the Trocadero we have the granting of one for the Westminster Aquarium, and the same magistrates who granted a dancing license to the Coffee Music Hall Company for the Victoria Theatre refused to allow skating and music at the Clapham Skating Rink. The whole system of legislative interference with and restriction of public entertainments needs immediate attention and reform. We have never been able to understand why the speculator who invests his capital in a theatre, music hall, or dancing saloon, should not be permitted to transact business with his customers in his own way as freely as any other tradesman. Music, singing, and dancing, either separate or combined, are in themselves such innocent and even admirable means of recreation that it is difficult to see why licenses should be at all required for them. The vexatious distinction which exists between theatres and other places of entertainment, and which has given rise to so much curious litigation and controversy as to the true nature of a "stage play," is also to our minds an unnecessary stumbling block, which should be removed as soon as possible. Why should not the same policy of supervision be pursued with regard to all places of public entertainment, identical regulations being adopted to ensure the comfort, convenience, and safety of the *habitués*, and the decorous conduct of the proceedings both on the stage or platform, and in the auditorium? These provisions being made, the lessee or manager might, we think, be safely left to exercise his own judgment as to the nature of the attraction to be held out to the public. The presentation of any gross, immoral, or offensive entertainment, or the encouragement of disorderly or unseemly behaviour, should of course be punishable at common law, as we believe it now is irrespective of the Lord Chamberlain's or magistrates' license. If this idea were carried out, dramatic entertainments, concerts, balls, lectures, exhibitions, and a thousand and one other species of entertainment might at various times be given in one and the same building, the proprietor having simply to adapt his programme to the taste of his patrons. We are fully convinced that this would be a great step towards improving the general quality of our public amusements, and do much to wean the lower classes from their drinking habits by placing rational, wholesome, and elevating recreation within their reach.

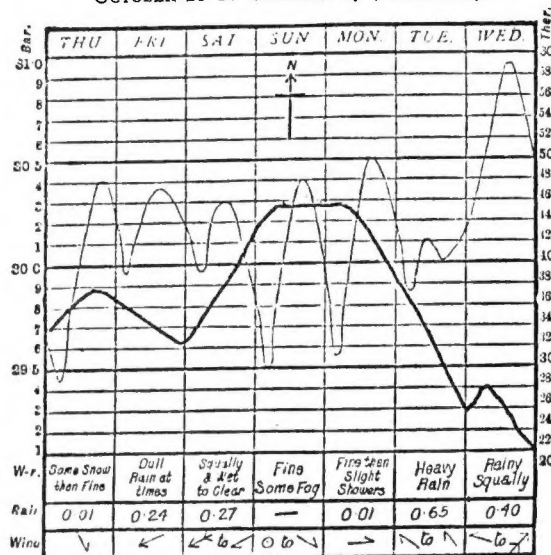


THE TURF.—A few years ago Newmarket, though it still retained its title as the head quarters of the Turf, seemed on the downward line and fast losing its popularity, day after day at some of its meetings producing little more than mere plating hardly above the average of second-rate country gatherings; but things have taken a turn since the erection of a Grand Stand and the adoption of many modern improvements which were at first very distasteful to the old school of racing men, who seemed to think that Newmarket was the only place where racing ought to be held. The meeting held at "the little Cambridgeshire town," where the Cesarewitch was decided a fortnight ago, was, perhaps, as good a one in all respects as any which was ever celebrated there; and it can hardly be said that the "the Houghton" this week has been inferior to it. The numbers which come to the post for different events must always be one criterion whereby to estimate the success of a meeting, and we find that on the Monday there were three fields of thirteen, nineteen, and twenty-five respectively, on the Tuesday three of twenty-one, fifteen, and thirty-one, and on the Wednesday, two of ten and one of eleven. The ball opened with the victory of Cradle in the Trial Stakes, followed by that of the moderate Milan in the First Welter, though he was the least fancied of those mentioned in the betting in a field of thirteen. Hackthorpe, who was made favourite out of nineteen in the Flying Stakes, could only get second, Lord Rosebery's Rowston beating him by a length. The Monday Nursery was won by Lord Zealand's Griselda, a daughter of Strathconan, the sire of so many winners. Mr. Crawford's Thebais followed up her victories of the last meeting by winning the Criterion Stakes, beating Savoyard, Sir Marmaduke, and six others, and thus confirming the idea that she is one of the smartest fillies of the season, as she carried the heaviest weight in the field. In the Trial Stakes on Tuesday, the veteran Grand Flaneur showed that he had some of his old dash left, though he only just got home before Tower and Sword. In the Maiden Plate, though twenty-one came to the post, the learned picked out the winner in Captain Machell's Goggles, a not inaptly named son of Speculum; and they were right again in making Queen Mary a hot favourite for the Tuesday Nursery in a field of fifteen. After Veto had secured the Maiden Riders' Plate for Mr. Ten Broeck, the Cambridgeshire came on for decision. For this an unusually small number of fancied horses had been struck out during the fortnight preceding the race, though considerable fluctuation had taken place in the betting. At the start Fernandez, an own brother to Isonomy, was first favourite at 9 to 2, his home trial being considered by his friends so good that his victory was next door to a certainty. Retreat was second favourite at 8 to 1 on the strength of his forward Cesarewitch running; Castillon, the French colt, stood third, his friends relying on his many victories abroad; while Evasion, Ulster, Exeter, Dreamland, Lucetta, Cipolata, and Leoville were next in demand at gradually lengthening prices. In the race King Priam made a good deal of the early running, which was afterwards taken up by Pelleas, who after passing the red post gave way, and Lucetta took the lead, followed by Fernandez, and soon afterwards by Cipolata. Lucetta somewhat crossed the track of Mr. Grette's colt, whom Fordham had to ease, the result being that he had to succumb to Lucetta by half a length, Cipolata being two lengths behind, a very fair performance of Lord Rosebery's filly with 8 st. 2 lbs. on her back after her severe races of late. Fernandez may really be said to have confirmed his private trial, and if as a three-year-old with 8 st. 1 lb. he had done the trick, his performance would have been next door to that of See

Saw with 8 st. 2 lbs. in 1868, and that of Jongleur in 1877 with 2 lbs. more. It must be remembered, however, among the performances of three-year-olds, Blue Gown ran second with 9 st. in 1868, and Sterling (dead heat with Allbrook) with 8 st. 11 lbs. in 1871. In 1865 it may be noted that the mighty Gladiateur, after his triple victory in the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger, started first favourite with 9 st. 12 lb. on his back, but he was nowhere at the finish. Lucetta's performance as a four-year-old with 7 st. 11 lb., of course, is nothing wonderful, though she has more than once shown herself a smartish mare. Several animals of her age have carried a far greater weight to victory, for instance, Lanercost in 1839, the first year of the race, 8 st. 9 lbs., Ralph in 1842, 8 st. 7 lbs., in 1871 Sabinus, 8 st. 7 lbs., and last year La Merveille, 8 st. The success of Prince Soltykoff is very popular, though many hold that he may consider himself fortunate in the decision of the judges, who, by the way, could not settle the objection before spending two hours over it, after the races were over. Blanton, the trainer, is to be congratulated on following up his Cesarewitch success with Robert the Devil by training his first Cambridgeshire winner in Lucetta, though his own horse Exeter made no show in the race, and thus failed in accomplishing what would have been an unprecedented feat in winning with 9 st. 11 lb. It need hardly be said that the professional prophets were with one or two exceptions out in their vaticinations, most of them at the last moment going for the favourite, as is their wont. We do not hear of any large sums being won on the race; but a foreign nobleman, who is fond of our Turf, pulled off a double event bet to a pretty tune, having taken 10,000l. to 30l. about the winners of the two big Newmarket handicaps. The Cambridgeshire day this year almost equalled the St. Leger day for meteorological discomfort, rain falling persistently from morning to night, though not in such a deluge as it did at Doncaster. A good deal of interest was felt in the Dewhurst Plate on Wednesday, as St. Louis, Town Moor, Lucy Glitters, and Bal Gal met to fight their Middle Park battle over again with a certain difference of weights and over a shorter course. The two first-named, who were first and second in the race a fortnight ago, were made favourites, but the result was in favour of Lord Falmouth's Bal Gal, Brag and Lucy Glitters filling the second and third places.

AQUATICS.—Reports from the Thames side tell us that all the professional scullers are doing well at their training. If only they honestly do their best next month it will be a memorable one in the history of sculling.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK OCTOBER 21 TO OCTOBER 27 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The period at present under discussion opened with a rising barometer, and although a little snow fell during the early part of Thursday (21st inst.), the remainder of the day was exceedingly fine and bright. On Friday (22nd inst.), however, the approach of a small barometrical depression over the Channel caused the mercury in our neighbourhood to fall pretty decidedly, while at the same time the wind freshened from E.N.E., and the weather became dull, with occasional rain. Similar weather was experienced during the early hours of Saturday (23rd inst.), but in the course of the day the depression "filled up," and the barometer, therefore, rose, with a marked improvement in the state of the sky. The barometric rise continued throughout Sunday (24th inst.), and in due time an area of high pressure was formed over us, in consequence of which very fine weather was experienced during the greater part of Sunday (24th inst.), and also on Monday morning (25th inst.). On Monday afternoon, however, there were signs of a fresh and serious depression off our south-west coasts, the effect of which was shown even by our own barometer. This depression has remained in the same position ever since Monday evening (25th inst.), and at the same time that it has grown much deeper, it appears to have thrown off from its centre several smaller subsidiary systems, which have passed across the south of England, and given us almost continuous rain. There was little wind with this disturbance until Wednesday night, when there were some heavy squalls, but should the serious depression in the south-west travel eastward a stiff south-westerly gale will be experienced. Temperature was low during the earlier portion of the week, and, indeed, up to Wednesday (27th inst.), but on that day a very sudden rise occurred, and the six P.M. reading was 73° higher than that at eight A.M. The barometer was highest (30.28 inches) on Sunday (24th inst.); lowest (29.70 inches) on Wednesday (27th inst.); range, .58 inches. Temperature was highest (59°) on Wednesday (27th inst.); lowest (27°) on Thursday (21st inst.); range, 32°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 1.53 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, .065 inches, on Tuesday (26th inst.).

THE MARRIAGE OF THE YOUNG GAIKWAR OF BARODA, which excited so much interest in India last January, has not freed the juvenile husband from the schoolroom, although his marriage was delayed till—for Easterns—the unusually late age of seventeen, when there was some difficulty in finding an unmarried girl old enough for his bride. The Gaikwar is now studying as hard as any British boy of fifteen, and his education has presented especial difficulties, because when he came to the throne nearly five years since, on the deposition of his predecessor for attempting to poison Colonel Phayre, he had to begin at the very beginning, and some time was lost in shaking off his dulness. From a recent Government Report of Progress in Baroda, we gather that the Royal scholar is slow to learn, and equally slow to forget; he is now working at five languages, and speaks, reads, and writes English well, and with a pure accent. His writing is large and clear, and most of his general information is derived from English reading, for while in school-time he travels through English histories, works on government, and Shakespeare's plays, at home he can read what he pleases, his choice falling on Scott's novels, Smiles's "Self Help," and similar works. Geography and the outlines of political economy form other studies, while his physical training is in no wise neglected. He rides, wrestles, and fences vigorously, plays billiards daily for an hour, and is developing into a powerful and muscular young man, fond of sport and active exercise. His English tutor praises him as a steady, affectionate pupil, while his zeal in learning is shown by the fact that out of sixteen boys in the Maharajah school only one can be fairly classed with the young Gaikwar in his studies. Thus grounded in necessary knowledge the Gaikwar is now to be specially trained for his responsible duties as ruler of an important native state.



FALCONRY is to be revived widely in France this autumn, one ardent sportsman having brought over from Ireland a falconer and several well-trained birds, while Arabs and hawks have also been imported from Algeria. Fishing with cormorants is already a favourite Gallic pastime.

A "BLUSHING BONNET" for the benefit of would-be bashful ladies has lately been invented. Hidden behind the strings are two tiny steel springs, which, by the wearer merely drooping the head, are brought to bear upon the temporal arteries, thus causing a charming blush at any appropriate moment.

THE SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD has been discovered in Florence, the Paris *Globe* tells us. It is a miniature "Office of the Virgin," printed at Venice in 1649, and comprises 256 microscopic leaves formed from a single ordinary page. Including an elaborate red leather binding with silver clasps, this tiny volume is rather under an inch in width, and not quite two inches in length, thus being smaller than the famous modern editions of Dante and Petrarch.

A WARM SOUTH WIND is usually reckoned a welcome winter visitor in England, but when the well-known Swiss Föhn rages in the little canton of Glarus, the inhabitants of the chief town are forbidden to bake bread or to light fires in their houses from October to March, except for three specified hours during the day. If the wind is very violent no fires whatever are allowed, while it is prohibited to work by gas-light in factories where much wood is used, or to warm the manufactories of soap and pottery, or distilleries and breweries.

ABSINTHE-DRINKING in France has now reached such a pitch as to cause in many cases a regular disease, known as "chronic absinthism." In a paper recently read before the Paris Academy of Medicine, a medical author notes that amongst the other important symptoms the malady entails loss of memory and sight, and injury to the muscular and digestive organs, the latter being sometimes so damaged as to cause death. Any one suffering from absinthism becomes highly excitable; while, worst of all, the children of absinthe-drinking parents are generally similarly affected.

THE CONDITION OF THE RIVER THAMES between April and September of the present year has been very bad, according to *Engineering*, which notes that the higher temperature and lower rainfall of 1880 have prevented any recurrence of the great improvement in purity remarked last year. Then the large amount of fresh water cleared the river in a great measure, but lately the water from North Woolwich Pier upwards has been in a most objectionable condition, and three weeks ago a tumblerfull drawn at high water from the base of Cleopatra's Needle was almost opaque. The sewage deposits below Blackwall were particularly noticeable.

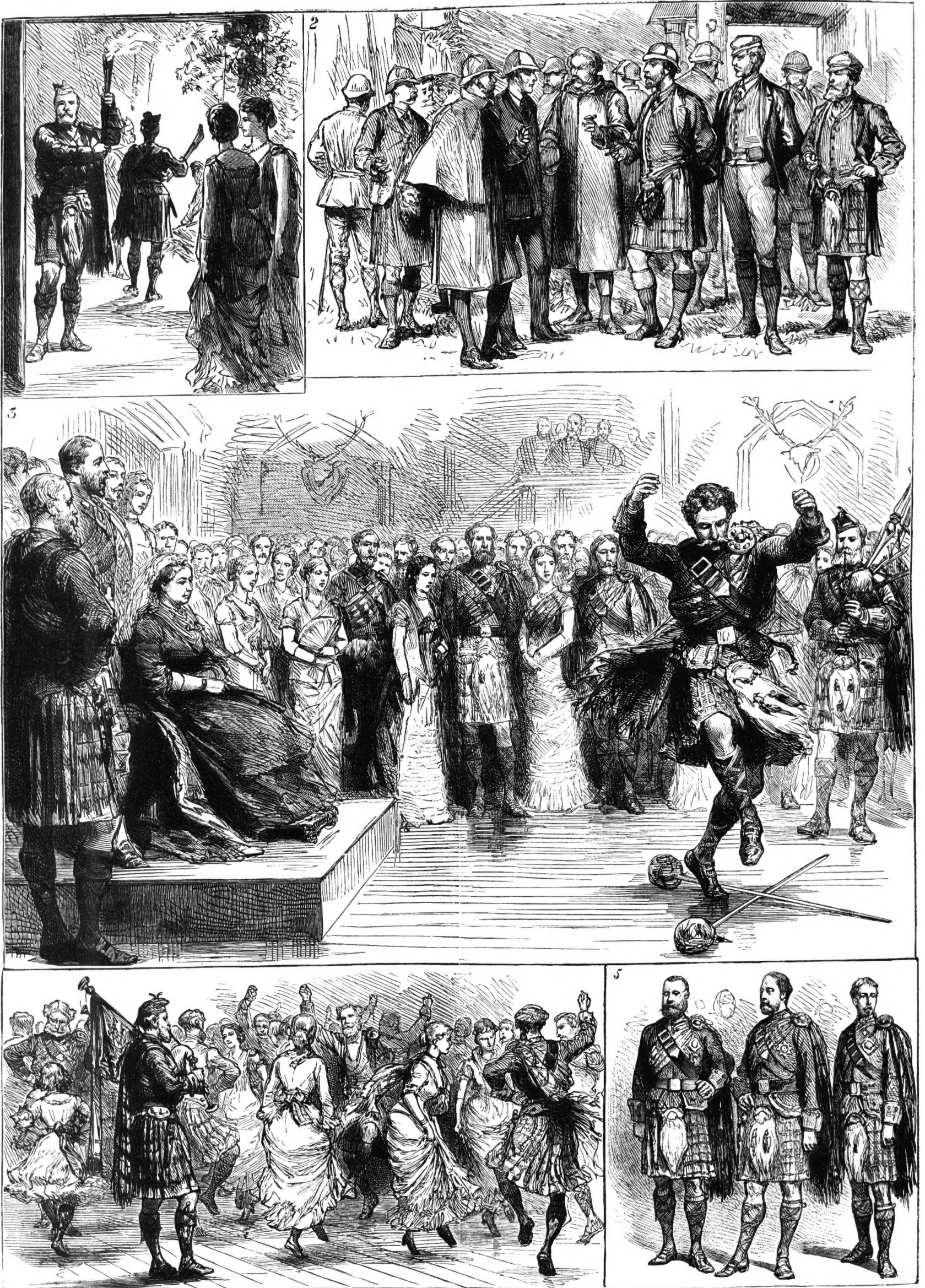
A "LUNATICS' NEWSPAPER" is one of the curiosities of a madhouse at Pesaro. Entitled *The Diary of a Hospital*—for the word "madhouse" is carefully avoided, the journal is written entirely by the patients themselves, each treating of his particular mad-point, while the head doctor edits the periodical, and adds a sketch of the chief patients. The journal is then sent to other asylums, several of which intend to undertake a similar publication, and to those doctors and scientific men interested in the working of lunacy. —We remember a somewhat similar paper called *The New Moon*, which used to be published many years ago at the Crichton Asylum, Dumfriesshire.

THE MONUMENT TO KING VICTOR EMMANUEL to be erected by United Italy is to be constructed from the design of either native or foreign artists. No conditions are laid down as to the style of the memorial, but no plan must entail the expenditure of over 360,000l. The designs are to be sent to the Secretary of the Royal Commission, at the Ministry of the Interior, Rome, between August 25th and September 23rd, 1881, each plan bearing the name and address of the designer, or some device to be repeated on a sealed letter containing the necessary information. The works will be publicly exhibited, and prizes of 2,000l., 1,200l., and 800l. will be awarded to the three best, although the Italian Government does not bind itself to execute the monument from one of these successful plans, should the design be thought unsuitable.

M. VICTOR HUGO wrote the first verses of his new poem *L'An* twenty years ago, but did not finish the poem until the close of his exile at Guernsey, adding the preface and some final touches within the last few weeks. Every Thursday the poet receives some select friends in his tiny tapestry-hung drawing-room, in the Avenue d'Eylau, and occasionally vouchsafes details of his work to inquisitive acquaintances. He confesses to losing all interest in his writings when once completed—they then belong to the public, not to him; but he feels the greatest possible satisfaction in the later reputation of those works which caused so much excitement at their production. Nevertheless, he has never forgotten the hisses aroused by his piece *Les Burgraves*, and is determined not to break the vow he then made, never to produce another new play during his lifetime, although several dramas lie completed in his drawer. "After my death they shall be played, and not before," says M. Hugo. The work of which he is most proud of is *Les Châtiments*, because "it has punished one crime, and will prevent others."

DISASTERS ON LAND AND WATER generally occur on a colossal scale in America, and such catastrophes can hardly be wondered at—when we learn the carelessness displayed in one department of public works—the bridges. A well-known engineer, according to the *American Architect*, reckons that within the last ten years 100 railway bridges have given way in the States, generally with loss of life, the accident being usually due to some weakness of construction or to the inferior quality of the iron. Often these defects can be detected when the bridge is first built, yet nothing is done. In one large New England town a bridge is now standing with joists which will safely hold only ten tons, while the builders have warranted it to bear a weight entailing a strain of thirty tons on these joists. Similar cases occur all over the States, and in several places the railroad officials themselves acknowledge their insufficiency, pleading either that the company is poor, or that so few passengers travel that way, as an excuse for their supineness. How many English bridges are open to this same charge?

MARITIME DISASTERS ON THE BRITISH COAST during the year ending June, 1879, amounted to 3,002, and cost 490 lives. Although the list seems a large one, it must be remembered that some 600,000 British vessels alone enter and leave our ports within the year, carrying on an average three or four million passengers, and that the loss of life in this case was about one in twenty-five of the vessels. Out of these wrecks 397 were total losses, 797 serious casualties, and 1,808 minor disasters, in which altogether 3,716 vessels were engaged—720 less than in the previous year. Collisions caused 701 disasters, while of the remaining 2,301 wrecks and casualties, 2,013 occurred to British ships, the total number being 545 less than in the preceding return. As usual, the East coast was most fatal, while, owing to the different appliances for saving life, 3,302 persons were rescued. 31 vessels were lost through defects in their construction or equipment, 69 by the errors of the officers, pilots, or crew, and 121 through stress of weather, while of the 274 British vessels totally lost, 31 were iron, 25 of which were steamers. The casualties in rivers and harbours numbered 763, costing the lives of 617 persons, including those drowned in the *Princess Alice*.



1. From the Door of the Ball Room, Abergeldie.—2. A Discussion after the Drive.—3. A Sword Dance "By Command."—4. The Gillie Ball : The Piper.—5. Three Knights of the Garter.



1. Beaver Shooting.—2. A Poacher.—3. His First Rapid.—4. Over the Beaver Dam.—5. The Drift Pile.
RIVER LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

As snow and fog have come betimes to warn us that the year is dying, so the pioneers of that annual gay-uniformed army of Christmas books appear to remind benevolent friends and relatives of their coming impersonation of Santa Claus. Most of the familiar writers are here, and to one name attaches a melancholy interest, for "Dick Cheveley" and "The Heir of Kilfinnan" (S. Low) close the long list of boyish favourites which yearly flowed from the pen of the late W. H. G. Kingston. Both are tales of the sea, brimming with excitement and that unaffected religious feeling prominent in the author's works. Dick's sufferings as a stowaway are graphically described; but the other story, dealing partly with Irish life, is decidedly the fresher and less stereotyped of the two.—There is less of the miraculous and scientific than ordinary in M. Jules Verne's "Tribulations of a Chinaman" (S. Low), but the story bristles with action, and recent inventions are duly utilised by the escape of the hero from a pirate-ship in the ingenious swimming costume due to Captain Boyton. Believing his fortune to be lost, Kin Fo forces a promise from his friend Wang to kill him before a certain date, but on finding the fortune safe is equally anxious to live; and highly amusing is the wild-goose chase over the Flowery Land to escape death, Kin Fo being closely guarded by two agents of an American Office in which he has insured his life. As usual Miss Frewer has well translated the tale, which is admirably illustrated by M. Benett.

The doings of one of those pleasant circles of lively, faulty, but good-hearted, Transatlantic boys and girls which Miss Alcott loves to sketch, fill the pages of "Jack and Jill" (S. Low). Most suitable, perhaps, for girls, the story may equally teach boys some useful lessons of faults overcome by perseverance, and the whole volume is delightful reading.—Turning to another part of the New World, the Australian heroine of Miss Franc's "Beatrice Melton's Discipline" (S. Low) is not a bad model for thoughtful girls, although she is occasionally inclined to be morbid, and the story is fairly interesting.—Very bewitching are the old-fashioned damsels Miss R. Emmet so tastefully designs in "Pretty Peggy" (S. Low), while the artist shows a keen sense of humour in the drawings of country people and creatures accompanying the other old ballads. Partaking both of the style of Mr. Caldecott and Miss Greenaway, the illustrations have a character peculiarly their own, and the prettily got-up volume is too good for mere childish readers.

Mr. Caldecott's influence is also plainly visible in the illustrations of Washington Irving's "Little Britain" (S. Low), fresh excerpts from the "Sketch Book." Humorous and full of character, Mr. Cooper's engravings, which have been designed by Mr. C. Murray, follow the line traced some Christmases since by Mr. Caldecott himself in the pictorial edition of "Bracebridge Hall," and "Old Christmas." Another familiar friend is Lord Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" (Longmans, Green), presented in a new guise, with spirited illustrations by J. R. Weguerlin, somewhat suggestive of Flaxman—just the present for boyish students.

It is refreshing to find children's stories laid in comparatively untrodden ways, and Miss E. C. Phillips very happily introduces scenes of West Indian life in "Hilda and Her Doll" (Griffith and Farran). Living in Grenada, amongst queer people and pets, Hilda is a taking natural little maiden, and her history does not lose interest when transferred to the more prosaic ground of a French school. Thoroughly healthy in character, the tale conveys sound moral teaching.—The usual ingredients of good and naughty children are combined in the family chronicle of "Mudge and Her Chicks" (Griffith and Farran), a good story of its type but totally destitute of novelty.—Little ones in the nursery will find plenty to amuse them in "The Funny Picture Book" (same publisher), with its entertaining coloured pictures and verses of German origin; while their elders just able to read will be equally pleased with the small volumes of the "Tiny Natural History Series" (same publishers), short stories of birds and beasts plentifully illustrated and in large print.—Much of the same style are "Dot's Story Book" and "Little Chimes for All Times" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), which contain some capital illustrations and short explanations.

Notwithstanding the recent revival of interest in the writings of past days, it is dubious whether girls of the present time find much to their taste in Miss Austen's novels. Miss S. Tytler, therefore, endeavours to excite the dormant interest by her "Jane Austen and Her Works" (Cassell), which contains a simple biography of the novelist as well as able summaries of her stories which Miss Tytler hopes will whet the appetite for fuller details. Indeed, so well are some of these summaries done that it will be surprising if Miss Tytler does not induce her readers to try for themselves the writings so highly praised by Macaulay.

First among the yearly increasing crowd of annuals comes Messrs. Cassell's well-known *Quiver*, which in no wise falls behind former years with its ample contents of religious papers and other articles, judiciously intermixed with moral fiction, poems, and pictures. Nor has *Hand and Heart* (*Hand and Heart Office*) changed for the worse, but is full of interest and information under the care of the Rev. C. Bullock. The young ones will find all the good things they have learnt to expect in *Aunt Judy's Annual* (Bell), while a newer comer, *The Girl's Own Annual* (*Leisure Hour Office*) has attained its first volume, and promises to have a prosperous career. Here are the usual supplies of girlish information on work and domestic matters—notably some capital cookery hints by Phillis Browne, besides stories and pictures galore. Save in the illustrations, *The Boy's Own Annual* (same publisher) is equally good, although the stories all seem to run in the same old groove of sea and land adventure.

Fact and fiction go hand in hand in "The Lonely Island" (J. Nisbet), wherein Mr. Ballantyne weaves the romantic episode of the mutineers of the *Bounty* into a most effective narrative, depicting the remorse of the leader, Christian, and the patriarchal life on Pitcairn Island with great success.—Improbable and romantic in the extreme is the odd Jewish story, "Left to Starve," by Mrs. Germaines (Simpkin, Marshall). Notwithstanding much ingenuity of plot, it is hardly a book to be recommended to girls. They had much better read Miss Esmé Stuart's agreeably told tale of France in 1802, "Caught in a Trap" (Marcus Ward), which relates the troubles of a British family travelling abroad for health's sake, and kept prisoner by Napoleon the First's tyrannical edict. Simply and unaffectedly written, the story is sure to please.—Girl-life, with the customary malicious and angelic friends, is the well-worn theme of "Auntie Marian's School-fellows," by Mary Gardiner (Groombridge).

The Continent is being gradually traversed by the Religious Tract Society's series of pen-and-pencil sketches, and "Pictures from the German Fatherland," by the Rev. S. Green, forms the latest contribution. Skimming down the Rhine and the Danube, through the Black Forest and the Tyrol, up and down the big towns and the small cities, the author has but a few words to devote to each spot, yet discourses pleasantly as he hurries along, while the numerous views satisfactorily illustrate the text, and agreeably remind the traveller of past holidays. By the bye, how would the Austrians like Vienna being included in the German Fatherland—is not that rather a Prussian dream?—From the same Society comes "My New Toy Book," youthful stories, with coloured pictures, more brilliant than artistic.—We have also received another edition of Mr. Palmer's useful lessons for the Sunday School, "Bethlehem to Olivet" (Sunday School Institute).

Messrs. J. L. Chaplin and Co. send us a collection of Lowell's "Steel Plate" Christmas Cards, which are wonderful for variety and refinement of design. They are adaptations to steel of the peculiar style so familiar to us in *Scribner*, a painter's "blot" being reproduced with great transparency and faithful excellence. Delicate and artistic as they are, however, we confess we are conservative enough to prefer the old-fashioned, brightly-coloured card, with its festive robin and honest, jovial snow. It was hearty and seasonable, whilst, with very few exceptions, there is in these little that is appropriate but the mottoes.

The famous "15" puzzle has been superseded by the "16" (John Heywood and Sons), which is an exasperating modification of draughts. It requires two persons to "play" at it, so we called in a friend, and ordered coffee for twelve. But though we strove till all was blue, we did not succeed in solving it. The inventor claims originality for his idea. In this he may be justified, but his originality is of a somewhat exacting nature. To those who delight in puzzles we say, "Try it!"

YORKSHIRE YEOMEN

In one of his "Rural Rides" Cobbett defined the yeoman as a farmer who farmed his own land; and in the North of England under differing titles there was a class of freeholding farmers who long played a distinctive part, and gave to rural life a special characteristic. Whether it was the statesmen of Cumberland and Westmoreland, or the yeomen of Yorkshire, they were the leaders in political thought, and often in religious life, of the country side in which they dwelt, and their influence in social matters was widespread. There were different characteristics of the class in the three Ridings of Yorkshire, but these were variations in the type only—the letter being unchanged. By education, by after-association, and by mode of life they became moulded in one general form, and that not the least distinctive in the broad borders of the greatest of British counties.

Springing from the tillers of the soil, it took often the thrift of generations to purchase the freehold that gave to the yeoman his title to that name; and no possession that he had was more jealously guarded than was the land which represented the penurious gains of the first rising man of the race, and the equally thrifty if less miserly-won accumulations of his descendants. It did not matter whether it were a few hundred acres of barren moorland, or a farm of fifty in one of the fat little valleys of the North Riding; whether it was a slice of the rich wolds or the sandy land of the East; or whether the possession was that of one of these farms in the more undulating West, where manufactures were oftener found and land rose more in value—the holding was passed undivided from father to son for generations; and where the families were numerous, the additions to the land often prevented its being too much subdivided. Usually the yeoman married early; and from earliest days his children were about the farm, drinking in agricultural knowledge from day to day. The schooling was rather scanty—it was that of ancient type of "dame" schools first, with that of a year or two at one of the grammar schools; but to that slight literary foundation there was superadded the practical training at home and market, in field and village, which did so much to mould the character into the well-known type. Surrounding objects were of a stereotyped form—the farm-work proceeded in unvarying routine through the seasons that the solid-built farmhouse withstood unaltered; and from year end to year end the village was unaltered. There were few who left the villages—traffic was small, and peculiar customs and accents were adhered to, and for a time strengthened their grasp on the common people, whilst the yeomen were only slightly less held under their thrall.

They were stoutly built, tending in middle life to burliness, but presenting generally that appearance of lusty health which an outdoor life, abundant homely fare, and well-kept constitutions give; and the doctor's gig was usually the herald of incoming or outgoing life. The home of the yeoman was a republic. He and his "menservants and maidservants" knew one homely fare, and the mystic "salt" at the table was almost unknown as well as invisible. It was a sight to wonder at to see in the huge kitchen, flagged or oaken-boarded, and with the corner-cupboard, the racks for plates, the polished tinware on the walls, the fire, at times of wood or peat, but always bright,—the companies who met at meals, from plough and fold-yard, from dairy and cheese-room; and before whom abundant homely fare disappeared as it only can before hearty appetites and stomachs unknown as seats of ailment. In days of toil—hard if pleasant—in summer nights of dawdling about the lanes, and in winter in dozy batches near the settle and the fire, the time passed with the outward marks of market visits, of harvest gatherings, and of seasonable festivals where the essentials were—good cheer and fresh faces.

The gains of the yeoman were small in the past—it was the long period of accumulation that enabled him to lay the foundations of fortune. The farms supplied his needs—his bread was from home-grown wheat—or, at times, oats. His clothing was often homespun; and though he was hospitable to a fault, the hospitality was shown with the produce of field, orchard, and dairy. Bad seasons affected him by lessening his savings; good seasons made him less "near" in his payments to his hands, but the course of his life was chiefly that of increasing his bank balance, and adding slowly to his mortgages. Riches made no difference in his dress or that of his kin—he continued to the end of the chapter John Smith, yeoman; and though his opinions had more weight when wealth backed their slow but hearty utterance, his neighbours would scarcely have known him with the prefix or affix to the name that are now so common.

Here and there these typical Yorkshiremen were diversified. It was not uncommon to find one whose keenness for saving was dominated by his liking for drink—it was frequent to find one who had taken up some phase of religious belief. In the West Riding, Kilhamites, or New Connection Methodists, were strong; in the North, William Clowes won to the early Primitives many followers; and over all the Ridings Wesley's Class Meetings often heard the loud tones of the yeomen. They were invaluable aids to the "cause." They gave freely—for them; they became "local preachers"—acceptable to the congregations, for their speech was that of the people; and their houses were often the temporary homes of the "travelling preachers." Old Methodists recall stories of the blunt speech of these yeoman "locals"—of how one could be distinguished amongst a score by his peculiar pronunciation of the little word "through," of how others in ecstatic moments would convulse an audience by the application of some homely farm simile to Scriptural matters; and of how one especially, comparing the travelling preachers, pertinaciously declared that if Blank preached better than Dash the latter favourite could "pray Blank's head off." With his at times vulgar speech, the "Methody" yeoman was "a power for good" over a country side.

But the race is dying out. Railways, increasing wealth, and extending civilisation have changed the conditions under which they lived, and have caused land to gravitate towards larger parcels. The children of the yeomen have departed from the simple homely life of their fathers. The ancient homesteads are relegated to the hands, or are altered till recognition is difficult. New wings have been added for dining and drawing-rooms, conservatories project where the barn stood; the old gig or ancient "chariot" is replaced by a stylish dog-cart or carriage; and though the replacement of the old knives and two-pronged forks by others of later date adds to

the comfort of the guest, it is questionable whether the more frequent visitors find the same homely welcome that their fathers did in the less formal days of yore. The sons of the yeomen, when they have "stuck to the land," have aimed at becoming squires; have sought "genteel" society, and have lost the station of their parents without gaining that which they aimed at. By these causes, by the growth of manufactures, and by the subdivision of labour, the yeomen of the old type, as they died out, have not been replaced. And the loss of the type may be said to be the loss of one of the peculiar phases of Yorkshire character which gave to the great county some of its rugged strength. From that class there have sprung many Yorkshire worthies, and though it was not one highly-cultured, it usually furnished typical developments of prudential life; it gave the foundation of the fortunes of some of the great families, and it had much to do with the practice on which the progress of agriculture in Yorkshire has been founded. The yeoman has almost entirely passed away—giving place to squires and tenant farmers, educated and scientific; but there are those who knew the class who would be glad to look upon "the portly form," and to see "the slow wise smile" that betokened one who was "half within and half without, but full of dealings with the world."

I. W. STEEL



BROWN, Jones, Robinson and Mr. Knight must have had a very pleasant time of it; and what they saw and did is very pleasantly told in "Albania: a Narrative of Recent Travel" (Sampson Low). The book is one of the best of the kind that we have seen for a long time; the style is what might be expected from jovial genial travellers who were up to amusing a tent full of wild Arnauts with conjuring tricks; and the places visited and aimed at (for at the last the party gave up Gussinje, then beleaguered by the Montenegrins) have the charm of novelty. Very few have been over the ground from which Mr. Knight has brought back so many pleasing memories. Last year Dulcigno was unknown to fame; our travellers found it a town of 6,000 people, "mostly Mussulmans, with a peculiarly ferocious look and apparently little occupation." Formerly it was a nest of specially savage pirates. Mr. Knight writes well; and whether he is describing the weird beauty of Cattaro, or explaining the aims of the Albanian League, or sketching the hospitable Franciscans at whose mission he stayed while waiting for leave to visit Gussinje, he is alike interesting. He recommends Albania to tourists; but few, perhaps, may care to travel where every man you meet "bristles with arms," and where "the only vice is love of murder." Possibly he and his friends owed their safety to being taken for English diplomatists (diplomatists always wear spectacles); as it was, they met with much kindness, and were Homerically entertained in several Arnaut homes. Why some of the Arnauts embraced Mahomedanism is not satisfactorily explained; it can scarcely have been to spite an unpopular priest. The secession led to the miraculous disappearance of the statue of Our Lady of Scutari. The Albanian League wishes for autonomy under Midhat Pasha, or, failing that, to be annexed by England or France. Mr. Knight notes the sad look of all Turks since the war; their feeling is that it is best to make friends with Russia now England deserts them. The Montenegrins, he is sure, have been overpraised. Even Mr. Gladstone's love would scarcely be proof against finding (by the smell) a packet of Turkish noses in the pocket of one of his pets.

If all the articles in Society journals are to be collected and republished we shall soon come to the state contemplated by St. John, when the world itself won't contain the books that shall be published. Yet, though there is no special reason why Lady Violet Greville's "Faiths and Fashions" (Longmans) should have been set before us a second time; the book is sure to please a very large class of readers. The papers are smart enough, the style taking, the thoughts not startlingly deep or novel. If in her "Religion of Old Women" Lady Violet is hard on her own sex, she does not lash them as the writer of "The Girl of the Period" did. The hardest thing she says of women is very true: they don't understand honour in a man's sense of the word. Her remarks on "Social Atheists" are also too true. These doubters, not from conscientiousness, but simply because they cannot appreciate anything higher or better than their own petty pursuits, irrevocably lower the tone of those with whom they associate. Like St. James, Lady Violet rejects the double-minded man, "who, while believing the creed of his forefathers, and recognising its full value, and wishing he could adopt its ethics, cannot shake himself free from the trammels of contagious thought, nor trample on the tinsel-like morality around him." Such a man is successful in nothing; fails in diplomacy because he cannot act a lie; in commerce, because he can't push to a successful end a policy of fraud. Perhaps the best paper is that on "Women's Leisure," or rather that want of it which so sadly handicaps the fair sex. Professional talkers will find "Faiths and Fashions" a great help; in the half-hour before dinner you may cull from it half-a-dozen theses, some of which, if occasion serves, you may discuss in the dining and drawing-rooms. All the better that in every case there is much to be said on the other side. Thus that, in women, "unselfishness gradually edged out truth" needs considerable qualification; while it will give scope for talk that in one part of the book the division of a Frenchwoman's career into the ages of coquetry, freethinking, and devotion is assigned to Sterne, in another to Swift. Light as the book is it is better worth reading than many more pretentious works, for it lets us know what a most intelligent observer thinks of our social dangers and shortcomings.

Perhaps the Chinese and Japanese porcelain is the most interesting thing in the South Kensington Museum, and that not to the china-maniac only; the rare beauty of some of the specimens, the historic value of several, give them an importance quite independent of a mere fashionable taste. Part of these specimens came to us in a curious way. The South Kensington people suggested to the Japanese Government that a representative series of older Japanese ceramic ware would be highly valued in the Philadelphia Exhibition. A collection was accordingly made on the understanding that when the Exhibition was over it should be given to South Kensington. To accompany it two Japanese prepared a report on national ceramics, and this Mr. Franks has published as "Japanese Pottery" (Committee of Council on Education, Chapman and Hall). Japanese ceramics, like most other Japanese arts, came mainly from abroad. This most recent of nations owes the first improvements in pottery to Korean immigrants, A.D. 200, but the wheel is claimed as a native invention, and is coupled with the name of Giyogi, a priest, A.D. 696. Karatsu is the oldest Japanese glazed pottery; Seto ware was improved about 1220 by a potter who lived five years in China to study his art. It still keeps up its reputation; the white incense-burner covered with interlacing circles, one of the gems of the collection, bears date 1830. Satsuma ware began to be made by Koreans about 1476. The crackled Satsuma is about a century later. Here alone the true Korean kiln, with very imperfect draught, still exists; the potters were till quite lately a people apart, intermarrying only among themselves. Besides many historically interesting facts, the little book contains the marks of the various wares, and a list of the potters and decorators who exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

Those who know Mr. Lee-Hamilton's "Poems and Transcripts" will need no invitation to take up his new volume, "Gods, Saints, and Men" (Satchell and Co.).—They will find him as before, a Browning without his obscurity. "The Fiddle and the Slipper" (reprinted from the *New Quarterly*) is quite like Browning at what all, except his besotted votaries, call his best. The legend, how a Madonna statue gave a poor fiddler her jewelled slipper, and then, when he was to be burnt for the supposed theft, saved him by kicking off the other slipper, Mr. Lee-Hamilton has found in Rhineland, at Burgos, and at Lucca. "The Keys of the Convent," another and not particularly edifying Madonna legend, has been also told by Miss Procter. "The Last Love of Venus" is the author's own development of a Tannhäuser tale; and the very grim "Rival of Fallopius" is also original. The book is worth a cart-load of the sickly Swinburnisms of the sensuous school of poetasters. It has a trifle too many winking and speaking statues; but its tone is good, and even in its imitativeness there is a pleasant change.

In "A Thousand Thoughts from Various Authors" (Longmans), alphabetically arranged according to subject, Mr. Davison has left out Shakespeare, and has not culled from any living writer. Young, Blair, Hurd, Beattie, and equally little read prose writers furnish him with extracts that sometimes rather prove the extent of his reading than his appreciation of what most readers care for. Still it is curious to compare Wollaston on "A Future State" with South or Bishop Rust on "Heaven," and, in these days of slipshod writing, the more people can be induced to study the measured prose of Jeremy Taylor and Johnson, each perfect in its kind, the better. A volume like this reminds us how little originality there is in the world. Washington Irving and Gilpin write in much the same style about Scottish scenery and song; Wordsworth's "Lively Grecian in a Land of Hills" is a paper in "The Lounger" broken up into blank verse. Not that we are all plagiarists, but because one man's way of looking at things is, on the whole, much the same as another's. For us the chief use of a book of extracts is to encourage the making of them. "Get your Davison interleaved," we say to the young of both sexes, "two or three blanks between each page, and copy out under each subject what strikes you in your reading. Don't copy in out of hand, or you'll put in rubbish; but note your passages, and on a second or third reading select." This would be a wonderful help to self-improvement, and the result could not but be solacing as a set-off against the wasted time of life. Quotations are valuable, too, as giving a glimpse of great men's inner nature. Thus, when Sir Walter Scott says: "There is, perhaps, no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others," he shows us one characteristic at least of the Master of Abbotsford. Mr. Davison deserves credit for careful selection, and his knowledge of books is evidently extensive.

"The Atomic Theory" (Kegan Paul and Co.), the new volume of the International Scientific Series, is translated from Wurtz, the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in Paris; Mr. Clemenshaw, of Sherborne School, has done his work so intelligently as to make an obscure subject interesting even to unscientific readers. Such readers will naturally turn to the historical introduction to learn how, while Lavoisier admitted the law of fixity but did not go on to the next step, the law of multiple proportions, and while Berthollet's attempted disproof of fixity was successfully refuted by Proust, John Dalton was the first to revive the hypothesis of atoms and apply it to interpreting the laws of chemical combination. Richter, of Berlin, had already enunciated (1793) the law of proportionality; and had applied mathematics to discovering the numerical relations between combining bodies. But his discovery was forgotten, and was made afresh by Gay Lussac in 1808. Meanwhile Dalton (1802) had formally announced his theory as the result of researches into the composition of various gases. Gay Lussac's name is connected with "law of volumes," as Berzelius's is with "atomic weights," the settling of which has led to no little discussion. It is a long step from Berzelius and Avogadro to Clerk Maxwell and Helmholtz and Sir W. Thomson with his smoke rings and vortex atoms. M. Wurtz goes carefully over the intervening ground; and in a lucid chapter on "The Constitution of Matter," he sums up the whole case, and shows that while the atomic is but a provisional theory, accepted only because it explains so many facts in chemistry and physics, "one point is definitely gained, viz., the notation which for want of a better name is called atomic, and which is to a certain point independent of the hypothesis which it recalls." This volume reminds us of the unequal character of the series; all the volumes that we have seen are good, but some are distinctly popular, some are useful only to the specialist. "The Atomic Theory" holds a middle place; much of it is technical, but it deals with a subject that everyone must know something about.

Mr. Henry Taylor has expanded his lecture, delivered before the Manchester Architectural Association, into a handy and very pleasant little volume—"Notes on Sketching Tours" (*British Architect Office*)—which students will find particularly useful and suggestive. The ordinary tourist also will not despise it, as it is a desirable companion to the usual guide book. It is practical, which is saying not a little nowadays, and is written in a style so simple as to be almost quaint, whilst its admirable illustrations add to its usefulness and charm.

We have recently been quite inundated with the serial publications of that prolific agency the *Bazaar* office. Of these it must suffice to mention "The Book of the Rabbit"—a complete work on breeding and rearing all varieties of fancy rabbits, and dealing fully with every point in connection with the subject—edited by Mr. Leonard U. Gill; the admirable work on the varieties, history, and characteristics of "British Dogs," by Hugh Dalziel, better known, perhaps, as Corsinon; "Fancy Pigeons," by J. C. Lyell, giving directions for breeding and management, and describing every known variety; and last, but by no means least, "The Practical Fisherman," which we fancy must be valued by every lover of the craft. All these works are remarkable for their first-rate illustrations, and in every way do credit to their publishers.

"Architecture, and How It Arose" is an ingenious attempt to find in the human body a guide to architectural proportion, with especial reference to the Gothic style, by Charlotte A. Pound (E. Marlborough and Co.). The author by no means exhausts her subject, and her little work is only intended to bring it to the notice of those who are thoroughly able to cope with it. She certainly appears to have a good deal of reason on her side.

MAGNETISM OF THE SEA

LIKE the taste for mountains, the taste for the sea, as a general and wide-spread feeling, is a thoroughly recent growth. True, it was not this generation, nor the last, that discovered its beauty, its graciousness, or its grandeur. At the dawn of history, the phraseology of the nations is alive with the sense of its infinite attractiveness. The "Odyssey" had already anticipated the descriptive raptures of "Child Harold." Æschylus had been captivated with its "multitudinous laughter" before Victor Hugo, his soul swelling with the fulness of its mystery and caprice, analysed its moods from the shores of the Channel Islands. But if this generation has not actually discovered it, if it has all through British history been the best appreciated of pathways, the proud source of victorious allusion in commerce and war, at least it is a distinctly contemporary impulse which depletes entire townships, and periodically spreads their inhabitants along different coast-lines, in order that its influence may be better absorbed and enjoyed.

Innumerable residential centres on the shore correspond to the changed sentiment. Blue bays, which once were overlooked by a group of capsized fishing boats doing duty for houses, have their margins now banked with villas. Long ocean views that no hamlet ever commanded have been seized upon as the site of solitary steadings. A gleam of golden sand, with the breakers charging in regiments of white, is held to be good reason for laying down a town. Nor is it enough for people to take surface views of the sea. There is no satisfying the curiosity that is rife as to its inner economy and contents. Once on a time it was only the privileged order of the poets who could transport themselves beneath the waves to survey things at leisure. One need now be neither poet nor diver to get below the sea "full fathoms five," and realise, for instance, in connection with the drowned, that—

Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes
Nothing of him that doth fade;
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

The entire British public is now on a Shakespearian footing if it chooses to stroll into an aquarium, where it may see the rather greedy drama of the ocean in picturesque epitome.

Much may, no doubt, be said for the superior attractions of the inland life. The sights and sounds which haunt the literature of England are far more of the land than of the sea. The notes of the blackbird and the nightingale are re-echoed in verse much of energy than the long wail of the curlew and the eerie laugh of the auk. It is through shady tracks of woodland, with the breeze playing softly among the elms or the limes, that English singers have preferred to stray, rather than across the glittering boulders and bare shingles of the shore where the wind sweeps in. The tripping of streamlets and the fall of brown waters are more familiar than the crash of contending tides. Hodge, though he is not perhaps so national a favourite, his hand on his plough, stooping painfully to his task among the grey loam, the rooks gathering at his heels from the neighbouring Rectory, has been better, or at any rate more continuously, limned than Jack among the outermost shrouds, "standing by" to cajole the wind. The sea has never attracted to its service such genial and watchful observers as White of Selborne and Miss Mitford, who affectionately condescended every change of season in its inland aspect, realising the abounding life of spring, the luxuriance of summer, and the yellow plenty of autumn. Even Dibdin, with his twelve hundred songs, is rather the exponent of men, planks, and tar than of the sweeping spirit of the sea. Its material fascination was no doubt strong upon him, and he is in his own way, perhaps, the most devout of its admirers which English song has produced; but he is its exponent less for its own changing sake than because it was the natural background to the heroes of the ropes whom he delighted to celebrate. Stronger poets than Dibdin have sung all their lives within earshot of it, and never quickened an image from their proximity.

By the hundreds of thousands people now show that, for its own sake, they have found it out. The impulse, indeed, recurs like an appetite. To a certain extent, of course, modern chemistry is to be thanked for that. Since ozone was singled out as an important element of the atmosphere which it distils, the sea has become a standing prescription among all judicious practitioners. It is warranted against the whole gamut of human complaints, and the Faculty draw on it as the last and best resource of the Pharmacopœia. But there is a less obvious attraction, were it only admitted. Whether people will or not, they naturally personify the sea, and raise it to the level of a living companionship. A group of trees, a running stream, the lowing of cattle, the shouting of peasants are so many separate appeals to the eye and the ear. Only poets with their inward sense of harmony may realise them in a united and unbroken impression. The sea, with a oneness and individuality of its own amidst every diversity of outward aspect, demands no poetic instinct for establishing a kinship. Hence probably the magnetic influence which it exercises over the unhappy tribe of victims to misunderstanding or disappointment. It is not on record that any member of any class ever went inland to the woods or the downs in order to ask what the breezes and the brooks were saying. What the wild waves are saying, on the contrary, is a perpetual query on the beaches of the United Kingdom by slim spinsters for whom the plash and tumble of the sea has an intelligible language, by sentimental bachelors who have not quite made up their minds to remain permanently single, and by those masculine "things of dark imagining" who are busily engaged in taking the edge off their first razor. A group of children will prove their sense of companionship by treating the sea as they would a favourite elephant at the Zoo. They are alive to its power and its trickery; and every potential admiral of five, who, with spade in hand and scream in his throat, mounts his self-constructed mound of sand, treats the speaking expanse of waters as an individuality.

There is an epicurean enjoyment of the sea, however, which is not attained by those who merely betake themselves to such foaming margins as Scarborough or Bournemouth. To get it in its higher moods of anger and self-assertiveness, it must be followed as far as Cornwall or Tralee. Here the ocean epicure can look out upon a broadening waste unaltered since the eye of Columbus wandered among its rolling plains. Or he may confront a sunlit track of blue, the ships in the horizon motionless with every sail set; yet there will be the noise of thunder in the waters at his feet as they explode and creep high up among the crags, reaching the very birds who float, like flakes of foam, in mid-air. For the placid lullaby of the sea he will cultivate the long inland reaches of the Scotch Highlands. To become penetrated with the Protean quality of picturesque changeableness, he takes his coffee with the morning watch somewhere on deck between Gibraltar and Suez, and sees the ship's head through reflected lanes of starlight as the evening closes in. A more determined epicureanism still pushes to the Arctic seas to scent the salt fragrance of the fogs which cling about the icebergs; or to the Southern Pacific to eat lotus on the verge of bays which are washed by the most pellucid tides in the world.

W. S.



SHORTHORNS.—M. de la Trehonnais warns us that this heading is often a misleading one. "There are at the present time two distinct classes of animals, both of which are described under the general name of shorthorns. In the one there are families of pure lineage whose descent from acknowledged and well-known sources is without mixture or *misalliance*. These may be called really pure shorthorns. The other comprehends all the shorthorns which are the offspring of pure-bred animals of high descent, but which do not descend in direct line from the pure breed, having been mated without either system, selection, or order, having been got from bulls which were themselves of the same description, and consequently possessed only the market value, or that which appertained to them individually." The difficulty is to introduce a new division. Owners of pure shorthorns should be careful to announce the fact.

MILK AND FEVER.—The searching inquiries into the origin of typhoid and other fevers which have been made of the last few

years have already done something towards securing us healthy milk, but the fact must not be forgotten that there is need for incessant watchfulness. The washing of milk cans should only be done with water from one source previously ascertained to be free from all impurity, while the cows should never be milked by anybody in whose household contagious disease exists, and, as a matter of course, never by persons themselves in doubtful health.

THE NORWICH FAT STOCK SHOW, which opens on Thursday, November the 18th, will be a good display in point of numbers and quality of the cattle, and the Exhibition will be launched under auspices no less fortunate than those of the Prince of Wales's presence, already promised to the County Association of which he is the Patron.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A redwing was seen near York on the 9th of October. A woodcock was seen at Broadstairs on the 3rd; another was shot near Worcester on the 19th. Swallows linger late on the South Coast; we saw great numbers near some pools on the 18th and 19th. From the Eastern Counties, however, we hear of a really curious case. At King's Lynn a brood of swallows were only hatched out early in October. A few locusts have been taken in Great Britain this year, and on the South Downs towards the end of September, and two or three have been seen in the Orkneys.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.—A good display of these winter flowers was opened on Saturday last in Finsbury Park. The greater treat of the Temple Gardens is preparing; and we hope that last year's splendid show at the Aquarium will be repeated.

THE DAIRY SHOW.—The management of Mr. Rafferty has done much for the Agricultural Hall, but seldom, we suppose, has there been such a run of good shows as there is likely to be this autumn with the Food Exhibition, the Dairy and Poultry, and finally the Smithfield Show. The Food Exhibition is over, and was a decided success, the Dairy Show has been the London event of the past week, and has surpassed all previous efforts of the same Association. The Queen, Lady Burdett-Coutts, the Marquis of Exeter, and Lords Egmont and Chesham are but a few among the more eminent exhibitors, while the exhibits themselves have shown a material advance from 1879. The show has included 230 cows and heifers, against 201 in 1879, 71 bulls against 41, and 114 goats against 93. The cheese entries numbered 262, of which about two-thirds were foreign cheeses. Last year the total number exhibited was 164. Of clotted cream there were 15 entries against 8, of butter 310 entries against 268, and of dairy utensils and conveniences 51 against 28. The butter entries showed a slight preponderance of foreign over English exhibits. Irish competitors were not satisfied with the arrangements, and exhibited very sparsely. One must be careful in Irish matters. A family prize for the best bull, cow, and heifer exhibited together was an interesting feature of the show. There were 1,100 entries of poultry, and 801 of pigeons, and this branch of the show displayed a very considerable increase of entries from last year. The show opened on Tuesday morning, closed on Friday night, and was well attended.

CATTLE DISEASE appears to be spreading, the London district having recently been the scene of several outbreaks. Foot-and-mouth disease would be easy of extirpation in a country where there were few great cities; but vast urban populations offer at once a pigmy for attempting to evade laws, and facilities for evading them. If Farmer Hodges has an animal attacked, a dozen neighbouring farmers soon get to hear of it, and know what the danger is; but a metropolitan owner of a few cows may well live in a place where not one of a hundred neighbours would trouble, or even know what an outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia meant. The Lancashire outbreak, previously referred to in this column, seems traceable to Liverpool; and while we recognise the activity and vigour of the Privy Council authorities, we would urge on them even greater vigilance, as the country's only hope of safety from this insidious disease.

SLOWLY RIPENING CHEESES divide, with fresh water and High Church doctrine, the thought and care of Archdeacon Denison, for whose relief in a time of uncatholic teaching and unkeepable cheeses Professor Sheldon's recent observations may be quoted:—"The grand secret of the Cheddar system of cheese-making consists in the ripening which the curd gets after it is separated from the whey, and before it is salted and pressed. But even in the Cheddar system it is well known that the autumn cheese does not mature like the summer's, and this Mr. Ballantine, the Canadian cheese-maker, declares is owing to the night's milk of autumn not ripening like that of summer." The advice given under the circumstances is to warm up the milk to about 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and let it stand four hours before adding the rennet. By doing so, it is contended that the autumn cheese ripens slowly, healthily, and well, becoming "for all in all, the best of the season."

FOUND—A THIMBLE

ONLY a silver thimble
For womanly finger meet!
Yet to me it seems the symbol
Of all that is true and sweet,
And a thousand fancies nimble
Dance round it with airy feet.

By careless eyes unheeded
Close to my foot it lay,
Nigh a slipper her hands had beaded
And wrought into colours gay.
I kissed it, and softly pleaded—
"Say, why does our mistress stay?"

Ah, elderly aunt, reposing
In your chair by the dim firelight,
How 'twould dazzle your eyes, unclosing
To follow my fancies' flight;
Or awake from their placid dozing
To measure my passion's height!

This tiny toy's recesses
All maidenly graces fill,
Its touch, like my love's caresses,
Sends through me a joyous thrill,
And my longing soul it blesses
With a sense of her presence still.

When over her work she hushes
Her song, and her dainty cheek
Droops down on her hand and flushes,
What goal do her day-dreams seek?
What tale is told by her blushes?
Speak, little thimble, speak!

They float, these fancies nimble,
Round this toy that her touch still haunts,
And my heart, like a tuneful cymbal,
To a pleasant melody pants.—
"May I trouble you for my thimble?"
O Zeus! It's the elderly aunt's!

GORDON GUN



IN THE BENGAL JUNGLE—A CRITICAL MOMENT



ENGLISH readers ought occasionally to be reminded that a French novel is not of necessity unfit for general reading, and that to be found absorbed in a volume covered with yellow paper does not invariably amount to being discovered in an act of literary profligacy. There is as much wholesome fiction in France as in England to counteract the not very pronounced superiority of the former country in the opposite direction; and it is the fault of the foreign demand if the importation of the worse quality of goods exceeds that of the better. The series of translations of French novels issued—in pink instead of yellow paper—by Messrs. Vizetelly and Co. should go far in support of such an argument if all are chosen from no lower level of wholesome merit than that of the two at present before us, namely, "The Drama of the Rue de la Paix," by M. Belot, and "Samuel Brohl and Partner," by M. Cherbuliez. The former will be recognised by many as the source of the play of "The Life-Chance," identified with memories of Miss Neilson and Alfred Wigan. It is a brilliant and admirably constructed romance of the strongly melodramatic kind, in which the reader's attention is not allowed to drop for a single instant. A leading character is that Detective who is as dear to writers of French sensational fiction as, in his different way, to authors of the corresponding English school; and altogether the "Drama of the Rue de la Paix" may be accepted as an excellent example of a strongly and not unhealthily exciting novel, certain to be popular with those who like striking effects and well-pronounced colours. "Samuel Brohl and Partner" belongs to a higher school of fiction. Those who have read that singular story in the original need not be reminded of that supremely dramatic study of the man who lived two lives at once, even within himself—that of a romantic Polish patriot and noble, and that of a meanly born German Jew, with inherited instincts of the most contemptible kind. He is not merely the actor of a part, but makes believe until his super-addition of another self becomes real, even while his original self remains unchanged. The reader's discovery of his double nature is one of the most cleverly-managed of surprises, and his final dissolution of partnership with himself is a remarkable stroke of almost pathetic comedy. Those who read the novel in its English version will lose but little of its effect, and will not regret their introduction to an altogether original and unique study of character. So far as it has come before us, Mr. Vizetelly's series deserves all success, in the interests of French fiction in England.

M. Marmier, under the title of "Contes Populaires" (1 vol. : Hachette and Co.), has thrown together, without observing any principle of selection, a series of folk-stories, of which many will be found fresh and new either in motive, colour, or form, while others are more or less familiar to all students of such literature, whether old or young. He tells his stories in an excellent style, and with all befitting simplicity, just as one might imagine them to be told when they were really new. It is refreshing to read such tales when told in the manner which children of all ages like best in their hearts—that is to say, without having our holiday of deliberate credulity disturbed by being called upon to admire some touch of imported pathos, or humour, or satire, which the narrator has thought fit to imitate from Hans Christian Andersen. A certain amount of additional interest is given to the collection by grouping the tales under national headings, so that we may compare, if seized with an industrious fit, the fierce revelry in mere imagination of old Slavonic legend with the tenderer and more human touches of the Scandinavian, and so on. Translated, M. Marmier's book would make an excellent companion to Grimm upon the shelves of early libraries. But in that case, a preface may be omitted wherein the author troubles himself quite needlessly to prove himself acquainted with the fact that folk-lore has been made the text of a great deal of learning.

The city of Bruges has of late years become increasingly attractive to English families who wish to practice æsthetic economy in better and less conventional fashion than is possible in the Anglo-French colonies. It is as a sort of guide-book for intending emigrants to the most ideally picturesque of old Flemish cities that Miss C. Beeston has compiled her story called "In Fair Bruges: a Romance of the Present Day" (1 vol. : Remington and Co.).—It is exceedingly doubtful, however, whether very many persons resemble Sir Guy Saville in having to cultivate severe economy on quite such a paltry income as five thousand a year. Most people who, in such a position, have to make provision for an unportioned daughter have heard of life insurances and other methods which make it quite possible to live comfortably even in London upon less than half the money. At first sight, the novel has the air of being meant less as a guide-book in disguise than as an attempt to upset all ordinary views of grammar and punctuation—verbs play at hopeless hide-and-seek among their sentences, while semicolons think nothing of parting substantive and article. All this makes reading hard and comprehension harder; and perhaps it is therefore impossible to perceive why the usual romance of four young English people playing at unnecessary cross purposes because they are determined that, whatever happens, they will not know their own minds, should be laid in Bruges rather than in New York or Calcutta. For the rest, the names of streets and of neighbouring places of interest are correctly given, and some irrelevant *Brugois* in humble circumstances are sketched as people of their class appear to visitors with open hearts and purses, and with a predetermination to find everything abroad charmingly different from the vulgarities of home. Nevertheless, anybody who thinks of staying at Bruges, and is not troubled with prejudices about verbs and semicolons, will find the novel worth glancing through for the sake of information about the place which may come in usefully.

A SORE PROBLEM

A YOUNG Solomon of the ripe age of five came to me the other day with the question, "Is it cruel to kill slugs?" Just stand with upraised foot before one of those slimy moist elongated bags of concentrated cabbage, cauliflower, choice plant, and tender cucumber, and answer that question if you can.

Now, letting slimy slugs alone, and speaking as a humble-minded gardener, I want to know whether it is cruel to kill the myriad of teeming creatures that throng this earth. With sportsmen I have nothing to do. I speak from a simple horticultural point of view, and want to know whether I am justified in destroying life. To begin with, I am a teeming creature on the surface of the earth, and I don't want anybody to kill me. It would be far from pleasant to my feelings to be cut in two with a spade; to be crushed into an unpleasant mass by a broad foot; to be salted till I withered and melted away; to be shot at with guns; caught in traps; killed with lime besprinkled upon me quick; or poisoned with deadly drugs. Yet I openly confess that I have been guilty of all these crimes. I might in fact, have called this "The Recollections of a Murderer," so bestained are my hands in innocent blood of red and green and other colours. Certainly I might do the dirty work in a vicarious way by bringing into the garden a very serious-looking young drake, who makes no more ado about swallowing great earthworms by the yard than he does of devouring slugs by the quart, but that is a sneaking, underhanded way that I do not approve. I should feel like a Venetian noble who has hired a bravo to use his stiletto upon

some obnoxious friend; and besides, if I did, the shadow of those murders would come like Banquo's ghost to sit at my table when the aforesaid serious-looking young drake and a brother graced the board in company with a goodly dish of green peas, and seem to murmur of the slugs and worms he had slain at my command. And there it is again—wholesale murder. I was guilty vicariously of the death of those ducks; I slew the sparrows who came to eat the peas; and, to go further, did I not kill the peas?

Who says no? The peas were alive. I plucked their pods, tearing the graceful vines to pieces limb by limb, and the pea plants died—killed—murdered. Certainly I planted them, and saved their lives when they were tender, sprouting, infantile pea-lings by killing the invading slugs with salt and soot, but, though I murdered that they might live, there was no reason why I should slay them when mature. But it is so all through an amateur gardener's career, he walks his ground—his little Eden—a very Cain. Say he conquers that terrible disinclination to follow the example of the old man Adam, and till the ground with a spade, a genial kind of toil that opens the pores of the skin, increases the appetite with the smell of the newly-turned earth, and gives such an awful aching pain in the back that a quarter of an hour's use is quite sufficient digging for any but an extremely greedy man who requires an enormous appetite. I repeat, say he conquers his aversion to manual toil, he has not inserted the deadly blade eight inches, and turned up the "spit," as the gardeners call it, but he finds that he has chopped some wretched wriggling worm in two. The worm had no business to be there when he comes digging. Why not? What does the worm know about human rights? His name is not Macgregor, and he has no feet to be upon his native heath, but he was in his native soil. He was born there, and had gone on pleasantly boring his way through life, coming up to the surface as soon as it was dark, and lying out on the cool, dewy, fragrant, earth, and then you, because you want potatoes, or peas, or some other vegetable for your gluttonous maw, come and cut him in two. A judge in a court of law would go against the worm, and call it justifiable homicide, as he was a trespasser, you legally holding the land, but that worm's blood would still be upon your—spade.

There is no begging the question; if you garden you must kill wholesale. There is only one alternative. You can throw the big nuisances over into your neighbour's plot, but it is only a temporary palliation, for he is sure not to like it, and certain to throw them back. Besides, you may have some compunction in the matter, and as the small nuisances cannot be thrown over, one kills and slays wholesale. It is terrible to think of! Intentionally and unintentionally one slays millions of creatures a year, beginning with one's beef, and going down to the tiniest aphid that one treads upon in one's daily walk, so that if it is wicked to kill slugs, it must be equally unjust to slay the tiniest fly. Why it is quite appalling, this reckoning up of crime. Those calceolarias were covered with lovely little green-flies right up the blossom stalks, and without compunction there was a massacre of the insects with tobacco water. That croquet lawn was infested with great worms, and they were watered with solution of copperas to crawl out and die. The great shelled snails that made a raid by regiments upon the strawberry beds were supplied with pillars of salt. The birds, after much forbearance, were condemned to death for stealing cherries and black and red currants and gooseberries; so were the rabbits, with the Home Secretary's Bill in abeyance, for nibbling off the tops of the tender broccoli and Brussel sprout plants. As a romantic young lady would say, the garden has been literally stained with gore, but the gore does not show, the garden is the more abundant and green for the removal of its plagues.

Still there is the creepole left that the killing may be looked upon as in defence of one's own. The worm may be indigenous, but the birds and flies invade the place, while the slugs, snails, and rodents come in through fence and wall. They attack one's cherished plants, and, granting that those plants have life, why should they not be protected, as one's poultry is from foxes and their young from predatory cats? Naturalists grant plants to possess life, circulation, sleep, functions, and nerves; they grow, they blossom, they have young; they have endless contrivances for sending those young emigrating to a distance where they can get a living for themselves, and not bother and eat the nutriment of the old folks, who are, perhaps, in pinched circumstances. Some send their offspring flying upon little parachutes of their own; some artfully stick them upon the backs or sides of any animal who passes by; I have one great balsam which sits on a sunny day apparently taking aim with its little seeds, and shooting them out with a loud pop to a considerable distance; some youngsters really possess locomotion, and contract and expand in quite a crawling way till they get to some distance from the parent stem; others, again take advantage of the first rain flood, and the little ones are sent to sea, merrily sailing along hundreds of yards from where they were born. Why, even in the wood, at the bottom of our garden, there is one umbelliferous plant, a kind of wild parsnip—"hog weed," as it is locally called—which grows up in a summer nine and ten feet high, carrying a host of children upon its head like a Covent Garden porter in a basket, till it thinks they are big enough to take care of themselves, when it calmly lies down, and tilts the little seeds off nine or ten feet away from its roots to form a nursery for themselves.

I cannot solve the problem whether it is cruel to slay slugs, but take refuge in the protection theory, and so, as in duty bound, go on killing and slaying, setting traps of sugared water for the wasps that love the plums, picking off the crawling caterpillars before they have time to bloom into butterflies, drowning aphides with a syringe storm, enlisting toads to kill my wood-lice and beetles, and full of remorse for what I do, go on in my wicked ways. To take a step outside one's garden, though, and gaze in thought around this teeming earth, what a vast scheme of preying destruction and bursting forth into new life is always going on. Those words, destruction and cruelty, might almost be expunged as being absurd in their broadest sense, for, in spite of the sore problem, it seems that from man downward to the tiniest microscopic organism, the great aim of existence is an exemplification of the verb "to prey."

G. MANVILLE FENN

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE are decided signs of promise in "Corydalis: a Story of the Sicilian Expedition," by Edward M. Hawtrey (C. Kegan Paul), a tale cast in dramatic form. As will at once be guessed by classical students, it deals with the disastrous Athenian attempt upon Syracuse, with special reference to the patriotic efforts of the Greek women, of whom the heroine, Corydalis, is supposed to be a type. In depicting her, however, the author's powers are hardly equal to his ambition, and she leaves no very distinct image on the mind, whilst her marriage with the tyrant Periphron strikes one as incongruous. Much better are the characters of the pseudo-cynic Clearchus and Clytiis the faithful friend—whose death in the Sicilian quarries is the best thing in the play. Mr. Hawtrey is seen to most advantage in lyric measures; in blank verse he shows too great a tendency to use weak endings, and sometimes fails in giving the true rhythmical beat. For instance, such lines as these jar on the ear unpleasantly:—

What is it, dear old friend? Water? This drop
Is all I have to give you. They grudge us
Even water, but I have this cup for you.

But, on the other hand, such verses as those of the prologue go trippingly—although the author seems to look on the critic as a kind

of wild beast which must be coaxed and propitiated,—and the drama as a whole is ingeniously constructed, and shows a good deal of imagination.

Weakness in the blank verse is also the drawback to "Riquet of the Tuft: a Love Drama" (Macmillan), and here again we meet with some lyrics which are almost above praise. Callista's song in the enchanted grove, "Deep falls the dark," is simply exquisite, and there is a ring about Robert and the gardener's ditties which makes one think of that most perfect carol at the opening of "The Two Noble Kinsmen." The old fairy tale has been prettily treated as setting forth the awakening and reforming power of true love; and genuine dramatic instinct is shown in the characters of the foolish beauty and the old king. In the latter there is a spirit of delicate comedy which deserves to be cultivated, and, whoever the anonymous author may be, it is evident that he—or she—has talent which only requires cultivation to ensure success.

It is not easy to classify such work as that contained in "Love-Songs," by George Barlow (Remington). The author belongs to that unfortunate school, the members of which seem to exult in obtruding their miserable unbelief upon the world, and show a certain tendency to eke out lines by the free interpolation of such interjections as "lo" and "yea." Parts of the "Ode to England" and the sonnets at pages 120-1-2 are merely offensive from their treatment of subjects which most of us are accustomed to treat with the highest reverence; and when the hypothetical emigrants propose "to find us a faith for ourselves," it occurs to one that they would probably make a mess of it. It seems a pity that an author should in this manner do worse than waste his undoubted powers. We have forbore to name some of the most flagrant instances of bad taste, but what has been said may suffice. Mr. Barlow's verse shows much facility, though it is sometimes rather artificial; "An Earth-Song" is better than anything else in the volume.

"The Conventiad, and Other Poems," by "A. B. E." (Samuel Tinsley), has no merit beyond a certain knack of copying the style of the Ingoldsby Legends. Nothing could well be sillier than the chief piece, which purports to describe a fight between some clergymen and Dissenting preachers, and none of the others contain anything worthy of remembrance.

There is little to commend in "A Love's Gamut, and Other Poems" (C. Kegan Paul). The author has evidently taken Mr. Swinburne as his model, and in "The Menads" contrives to give a fair imitation of that author's style; but some of his shorter pieces are fairly graceful, if without much originality of thought.

Sir Charles Du Cane has employed the long ballad metre very successfully in his translation of "The Odyssey of Homer. Books I.—XII." (Blackwood), and the version may be recommended to those who are unable to study the original. The appended notes and parallel passages make the book all the more valuable, and will recommend it to others than the casual reader.

Written in a style which was obviously suggested by "Hiawatha," Mr. Joseph Earle Ollivant's poem, "Hine Moa, the Maori Maiden" (A. R. Mowbray), will hardly attain the popularity of its prototype. The story is too slight for such lengthy treatment,—a sort of converse of the Leander legend, with a happier termination; whilst the record of cannibal festivities is not amusing, the characters are altogether removed from sympathy, and the verse is not of a first-class order.

"Learchus: a Romance of Athens," by J. Williams (Wyman and Sons), is rather a stupid play about Socrates and his followers, written in blank verse which has no special claim on the reader's attention. The interest, such as it is, depends on the treachery of Plexippus to his friend, for the sake of winning the hand of Clymene; poetical justice is wanting in the catastrophe.

Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co. seem to be establishing almost a monopoly in the production of exquisite-looking books; their vellum covers and uncut edges are enough to turn the head of any bibliophile. Amongst the latest productions of this firm are, first, a new edition of Mr. Tennyson's "Princess,"—which would be worth buying only for the sake of its little wood-cut; and, secondly, "The Song of Roland," translated into English verse by John O'Hagan, M.A. The prose introduction to this latter is good, but of the poetical rendering of Roncesvalles' fight the less said the better; it often approaches perilously near to doggerel. We want yet the poet who shall fitly render for us the death of Roland.

A second and enlarged edition is published of "Tales and Legends in Verse," by Alexander Buckler (Griffith and Farran). They call for no special mention.

A CRITICAL MOMENT—ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGER

THIS exciting incident took place some time ago at Naraingunge. On receiving the news that a tiger had chased a man who had gone out to get the skin of a dead cow, two gentlemen, Mr. Jarbo and Mr. Nicholas, set out in pursuit of the beast, each armed with a double-barrelled breechloader (smoothbore), and a Snider.

Having secured the services of a number of beaters, the patch of grass land where the tiger had been seen was thoroughly searched, the tank in the middle of the jungle excepted, where the dogs would not go. Soon, one of the lookers-on gave notice that the tiger was on the south-east corner of the tank. A few moments later, Mr. Jarbo heard the unmistakable cough (generally called a roar) of a tiger, and facing round saw the animal, its white chest shining like silver, its ears laid back, and its open mouth full of gleaming ivory teeth.

When about thirty yards off, he fired his first barrel. On receiving the shot, the tiger doubled its head and paws into its chest, turned completely over head and heels, and disappeared over the bank of the tank. While waiting for some men to clear a passage through the jungle, which was very thick, Mr. Nicholas, who was becoming impatient, ventured forward with more valour than prudence, and fired at the unseen foe. Immediately the tiger leapt forth, and with a tremendous bound buried its head in Mr. Nicholas's throat, both their heads going down together. It was a critical moment, Mr. Jarbo was ten yards off, but at once came to his friend's assistance, calmly and determinedly. As there was considerable risk of shooting both man and beast, he advanced within two yards, and then, aiming at the side of the head, sent the bullet from ear to ear. The shot was mortal, and the beast rolled from off Mr. Nicholas, who scrambled up very white, with his left arm besmeared with blood. His first words were, "Well done, Jarbo! where are my keys?" while Mr. Jarbo was so overcome by the happy results of his exertions, that he fairly threw his arms round his friend's neck, and clasped him in a loving embrace. Mr. Nicholas's wounds were not serious, and he shortly recovered. The huge brute was a tigress, eight feet eight inches long, including the tail, which was three feet in length. The foregoing details are furnished to us by the father of the hero of this adventure, the Rev. Dr. Jarbo, Chaplain H.M. Royal Ecclesiastical Establishment, of 50, Ambler Road, Finsbury Park, N.

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DEATH.

On the 18th ult. Killed in the Landship at Nynee Tal, in the performance of his duty, second Lieutenant JAMES HARRIS, of the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's) Regiment, aged 20.

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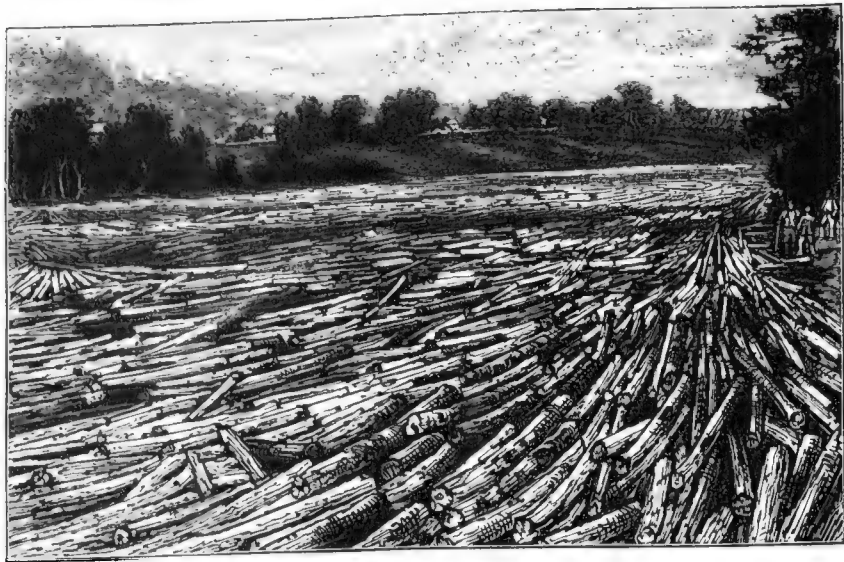
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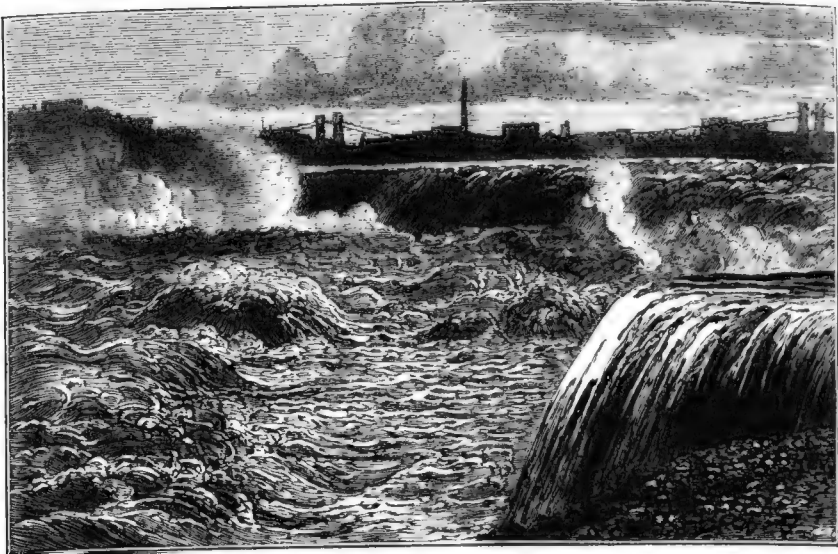
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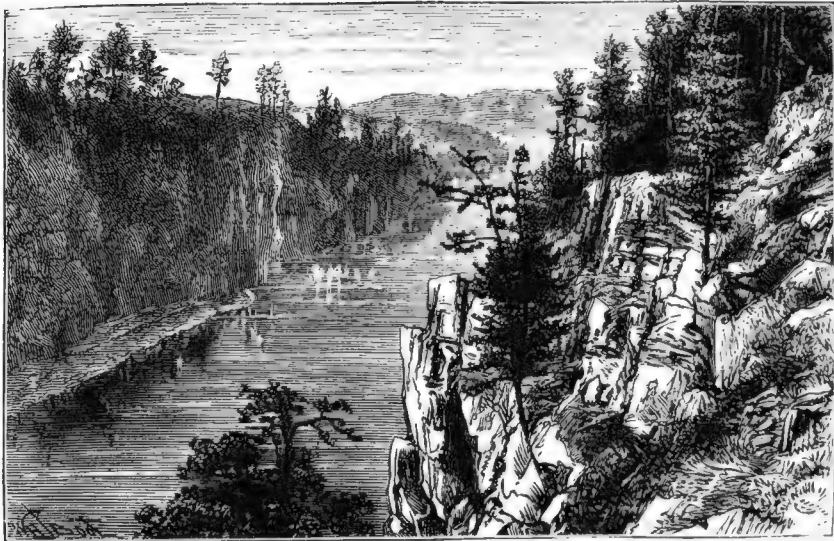
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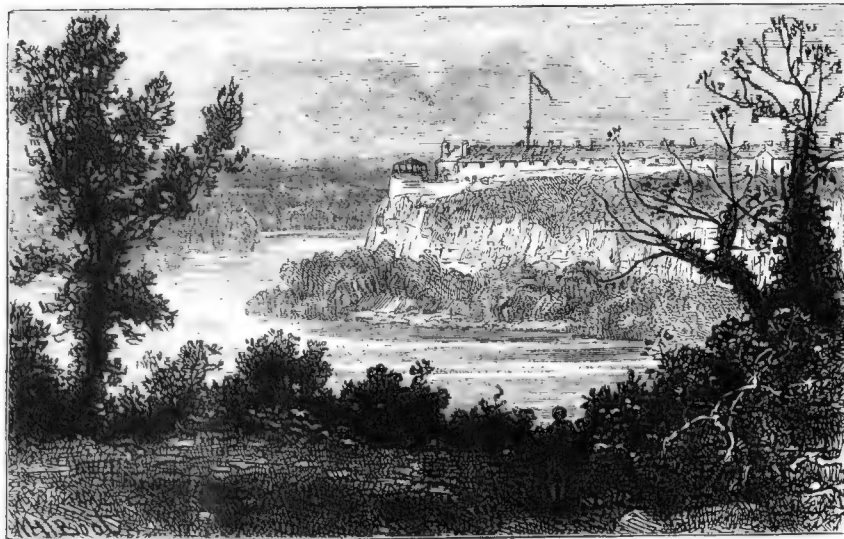
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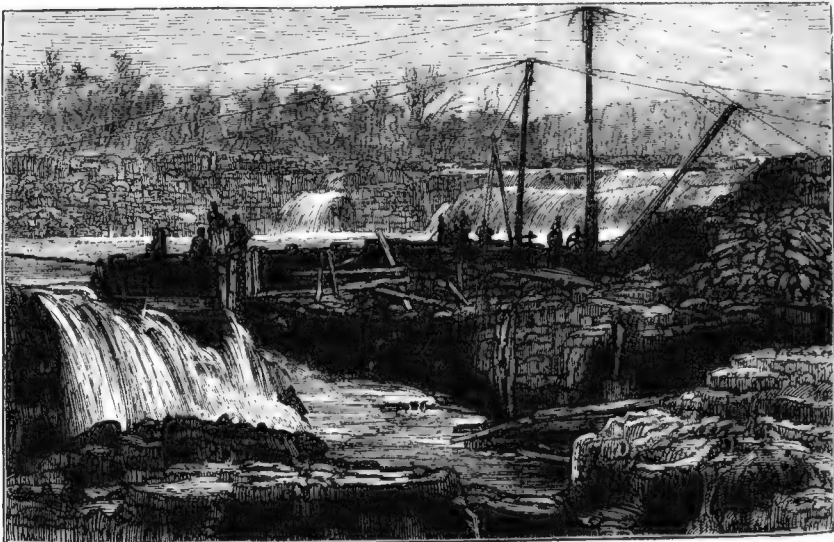
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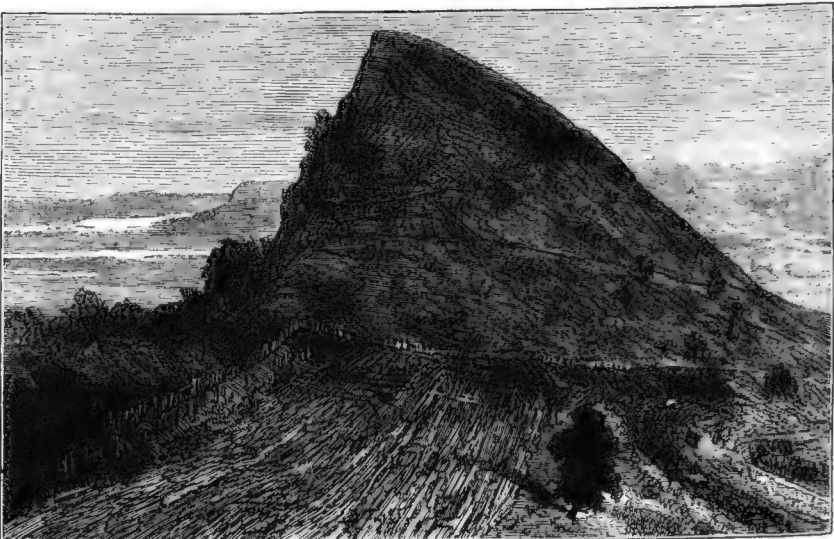
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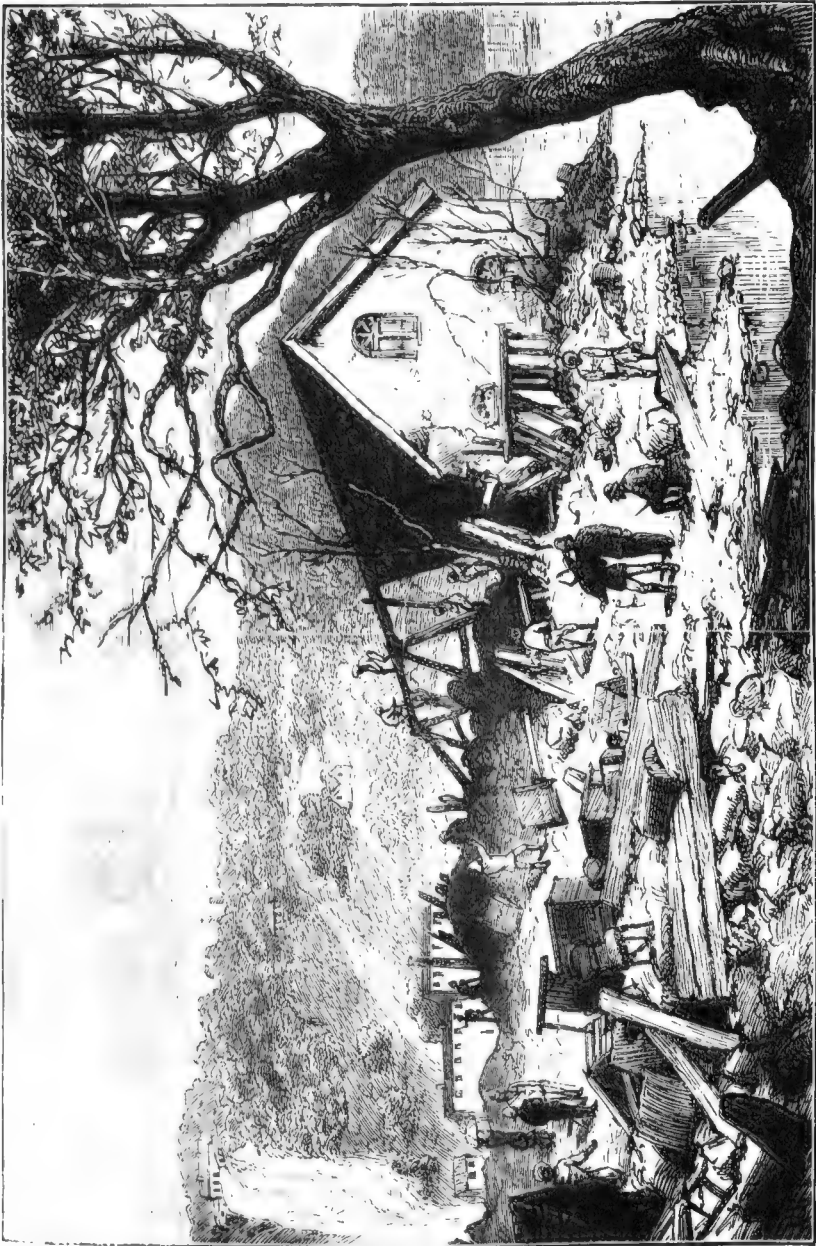
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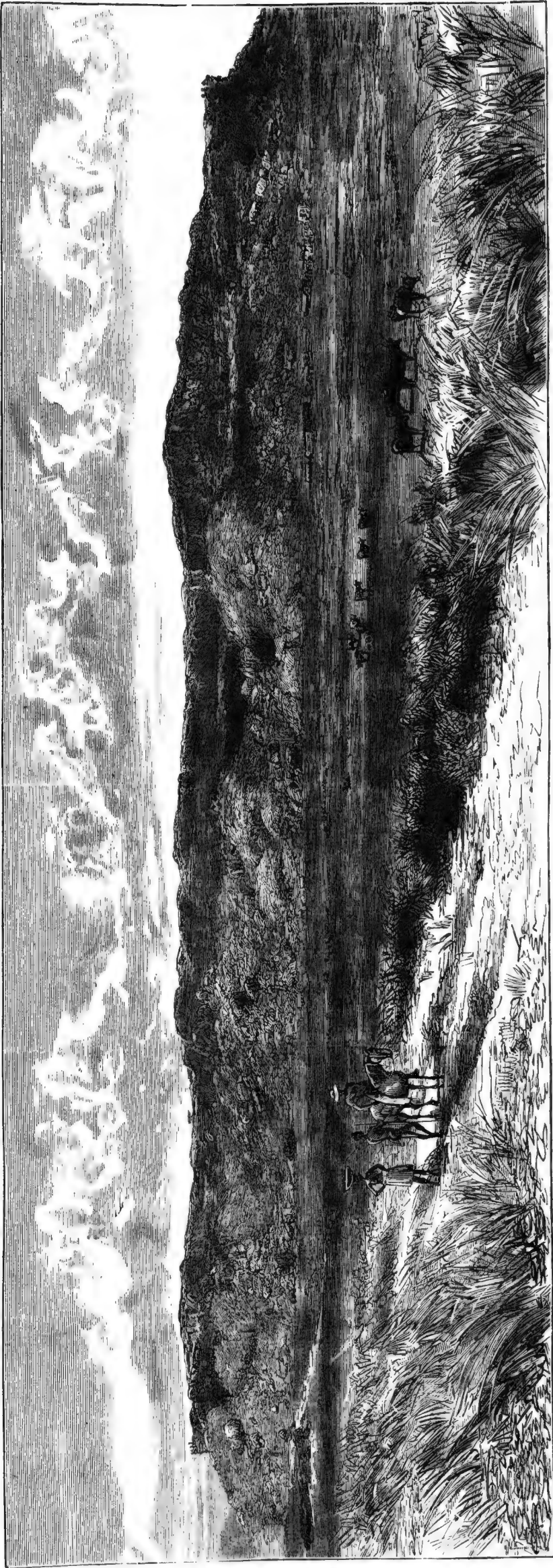
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EASTERN AFFAIRS.—The most contradictory reports continue to arrive respecting the negotiations between Montenegro and the Porte, but the main facts of the case are that Turkey has given up the most obnoxious points in the proposed Convention, and that the *fourpartiers* are now mainly being conducted for the mode of cession. Thus Bedri Bey asked the Montenegrin delegate, Niko Matanovic, to meet him at Konja, on the Dulcigno frontier, on Thursday, when it was expected that the final negotiations would be concluded, and that in a few days the surrender would be an accomplished fact. The chief difficulty has been with regard to the military questions, the Turks wishing to leave before the entry of the Montenegrins, while the latter, with a vivid remembrance of the *Tusi fiasco*, have insisted upon Dulcigno being actually handed over to them before the Turkish troops vacate the city. With regard to the Albanians, Riza Pasha is apparently exercising great pressure upon them to induce them to remain quiet, and reinforcements under Dervish Pasha, who has been appointed Governor-General of Albania, have been despatched to the scene of action.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the publication of the Austrian Red Book, with the diplomatic correspondence respecting the Naval Demonstration, and the agreement of the Powers to enforce the fulfilment of the Clause of the Berlin Treaty affecting Montenegro. The first mention of the Naval Demonstration appears in a telegram, dated July 3rd, from Count Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassador in England, to Baron Haymerle. In this Count Karolyi details a suggestion of Lord Granville, that the Prince of Montenegro should be called upon to occupy the territory assigned to him with his own forces, under the protection of a Naval Demonstration in which all the Great Powers should take part in principle. The various phases of the negotiations are then shown by which the well-known reluctance with which the Powers resorted to the Naval Demonstration is made clearly manifest. A supplement to the Red Book relates to another subject which appears likely to add to the Eastern troubles. The relations between Austria and Servia have not been wholly satisfactory for some time past, owing to a squabble about the commercial and customs relations on the frontier. It is scarcely necessary to enter into details here, so suffice it to say that Austria, pending the delay in negotiating a much-talked-of Commercial Treaty, insists upon sharing the advantages accorded to England by the recent Anglo-Servian Treaty. This she does upon the plea of the "most favoured nation" clause of an old agreement, which she holds yet to be in force by the 37th Article of the Treaty of Berlin, while Servia declares it is abrogated. Matters have come to such a pitch that now Baron Haymerle is said to have despatched a species of Ultimatum to Prince Milan's Government, which has caused the resignation of M. Ristic, the Servian Prime Minister. The truth is that Servia is afraid that Austria has occult designs upon her territory.

The aspect of the Greek frontier question has not been bettered by the recent speech of King George on opening the Parliament, in which he stated that the execution of the decision of the Powers imposed upon Greece the necessity of mobilisation. His Government had already made extensive military and naval preparations, and the army would not be disbanded until a new order of things had been established in the territory adjudged to Greece. . . . "Such a work," he concludes, "will be blessed by God." Forty-five thousand men are already under arms in Greece, and a force of seventy thousand men is shortly expected to be ready to take the field. In the meantime the Tricoupi Ministry has resigned, and has been replaced by a new Cabinet under M. Comoundouros, who on Tuesday evening declared in Parliament that his policy was not to delay the preparations for taking over the territory assigned to Greece until Europe should undertake to enforce the execution of her decisions, but rather to carry out those decisions by her own action. In the meantime the Powers, Russia included, counsel "moderation and patience" to the Greek Government, and none show any frantic enthusiasm to champion the Greek cause.

At CONSTANTINOPLE all is quiet. There has been considerable discussion respecting the new Porte's Circular to the bondholders, in which the Porte proposes to hand over to them the revenues of the six Indirect Taxes to be administered by a bank. The advantages of this are somewhat modified by the condition that the Ottoman Government reserves to itself the right of general control, and that the question of the "floating debt with that of the Russian War Indemnity" will also be taken into consideration at the time of making this arrangement. Moreover, the Ambassadors object to any direct negotiations being carried on with the bondholders. In BULGARIA the National Assembly has been opened. Prince Alexander's speech, which was not delivered in person, was highly eulogistic, particularly of the military condition of the State.

FRANCE.—The De Cissey scandal and the execution of the March Decrees now form the all-absorbing topics in every circle, and while the Radical organs are heaping abuse upon the Government for not permitting an indignation meeting protesting against the asserted misdeeds of the General while in office, the Conservatives are invoking the judgments of Heaven upon the Cabinet for expelling the monks from their convents. The De Cissey *exposé* has mainly been taken up vigorously by the Radicals on account of the active part he took with M. Thiers in suppressing the Commune. They are accordingly repeating numberless stories about him, accusing him of dishonesty, and even treachery when Minister of War. Foremost amongst his accusers is M. Laisant, a Deputy, and owner of the *Petit Parisien*, in which he has vilified the unfortunate general to his heart's content. General De Cissey, who has of course been interviewed, indignantly denies the accusations which have been levelled at him, and intends to prosecute the *Petit Parisien*, M. Rochefort's paper, *L'Intransigent*, and one or two other violent Communist organs. It is expected that plenty of dirty linen will be washed at the trial, as, although the accusations of treachery are undoubtedly false, it is thought that matters at the War Office a few years since were not conducted so systematically as might have been desirable. To turn to the March Decrees, the various unauthorised monastic establishments are gradually receiving notice to quit, and the Jesuits are attempting to re-establish their schools with the old teachers, who, however, profess to be no longer followers of Loyola, but secular priests. This device, however, is somewhat too transparent, and at the ex-Jesuit school at Toulouse the teachers have been expelled by the police, and M. Villars, the manager, has been suspended for three months for "screening the reconstruction of a dissolved community," for writing a calumnious letter to the Education Inspector, who demanded a list of his staff, and for unbecoming attitude and language towards the University, the Rector of which instituted the inquiry.

There is little other political news. The Assembly will meet for a short autumn Session on November 9, when we may expect some lively times with the various burning questions which will be brought forward. There has been a grand Legitimist banquet in the Vendée, under the presidency of General de Charette. The usual address to the Count de Chambord, "the pilot who alone can assist France to regain the harbour of peace from which adventurous Governments have expelled her," was signed, and Henri V. urged to come with his "spotless flag" and give back to France the "old splendour of peace and security." There were shouts of "Vive le Roi de

France!" speeches attacking the Government for forcing open the doors of monasteries because the "inmates adore a God who is not the God of the State," and declaring that the hour of restitution is near. These enthusiastic partisans of the old régime were in no way interfered with, so that really, what with meetings of Legitimists, Communists, and Bonapartists, there is plenty of treasonable talk against the powers that be just now. Certainly the Government cannot be accused of intolerance. Talking of the Bonapartists, the split between the two parties is rapidly widening. Prince Napoleon intends bringing out an organ of his own on Monday. It will be called the *Napoleon*, and will be edited by MM. Philis, Darimon, and Pascal. M. Paul de Cassagnac continues to be very angry with his political chief, and now warns Prince Victor that, unless he comes forward in obedience to the terms of his cousin's will, a new candidate will be found to lead the Imperial party. This dark horse is supposed to be Prince Roland, son of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, whose chief recommendations appear to be a stature of six feet and a handsome face. Certainly men have been elected Emperors for less striking qualifications than these.

In PARIS there has been little stirring, and the chief events of the week have been the Jubilee of the Comédie Française and the publication of Victor Hugo's new poem, "L'Anc" (The Ass), and not "L'Ame" (The Soul), as has frequently been announced. This poem is a eulogy of humble ignorance compared with the insulting stupidity of pretended sages. Thus, in a toil-worn peasant there is often to be found more good sense and tact than in a pedant who has the classics at his fingers' ends. The poem is full of the exaggerated fiery passages so characteristic of the writer, and his criticisms on what he considers to be the evils of the day are as scathing as ever. Here is a sample, satirising the routine of a boy's education:—

Et l'âne s'écria : Pauvres fous ! Dieu vous livre
L'enfant, du paradis des anges encore ivre ;
Vite, vous m'empoignez ce marmot radieux ;
Ayant trop de clarté, trop d'oreilles, trop d'yeux,
Et vous me le fourrez dans un ténébreux cloître ;
On lui colle un gros livre au menton comme un goitre ;
Et vingt noirs grimauds font dégringoler des cieux,
O douleur ! ce charmant petit esprit joyeux ;
On le tire, on le tord, on l'allonge, on le tance,
Tantôt en uniforme, et tantôt en soutane ;
Un beau jour Trissotin l'examine, un préfet
Le couronne, et c'est dit : Un imbécile est fait.

ITALY.—“Les Papes se suivent et se ressemblent.”—Leo XIII., whose advent, like that of Pío Nono, was hailed as the champion of liberalism and toleration, is following in the footsteps of his predecessors, and has delivered as uncompromising and denunciatory an Allocution as the most enthusiastic Ultramontane could wish. The occasion was the reception of 600 *employés* of the old Pontifical Government, who have refused to take the oath of allegiance to the dynasty of Savoy. In the reply to their address, the Pope recapitulated all the old Pontifical grievances, and refuted the arguments of the Monarchists that he was free because “not subjugated to visible coercion,” and that nothing interfered with his doing all that is required for the government of the Church. He alluded to “the celebration with clamorous rejoicing of the anniversary of the violent occupation of Rome, that ever sorrowful day for us, which obliged the Pontiff to shut himself within the narrow circuit of these walls,” complained bitterly of the churches being closed and converted to public uses, of not being able by his Pontifical authority to close the Protestant schools, “perilous to the faith,” and ended by declaring “how vain are the flattering hopes of those who talk of the possibility of the Revolution being accepted on our part. Mindful always of our duties, and knowing what is required for the good of the Church and the dignity of the Roman Pontificate, we shall never acquiesce in the present condition of things, nor shall we cease, as we have never yet ceased, from calling for the restitution of all which by fraud and deceit has been taken from the Apostolic See.” It would be difficult to find more uncompromising language than this.

Parliament will probably reassemble about the 20th prox., and there is considerable speculation respecting the Ministerial measures which are to be introduced. These will probably include a Bill for electoral reforms, and probably a measure for the abolition of the forced paper currency.—Baron Ricasoli, the well-known Italian diplomatist, has died suddenly at the age of seventy-one. He was Prime Minister after the death of Count Cavour, and had taken a prominent part in the liberation of Tuscany, of which he was dictator when the *plebiscitum* was taken for the annexation of that province to the new kingdom of Italy. He was greatly respected by Napoleon III., who showed him numerous marks of his esteem.—General Garibaldi has gone to San Damiano d'Asti. He is in a very feeble condition, and suffered greatly during the journey.

GERMANY.—A Congress of German political economists has been sitting at Berlin. A resolution in favour of the speedy conclusion of a commercial treaty between Germany and Austria was adopted by a large majority. Amongst other opinions enunciated was that the present production of grain in the United States is due to an excessive drain on the fertility of the virgin soil, which must be followed by exhaustion, so that in course of time the conditions of agricultural production in America will fall to the European level. Surely here the wish is father to the thought.

The Prussian Parliament was to be opened on Thursday.—It is stated that an agreement has at last been concluded between England and Germany respecting the North Sea Fishery, by which for the future British fishermen are not to fish beyond certain limits, under pain of being taken in charge and brought before the nearest authorities.

RUSSIA.—With all the apparent pacific intentions towards China, Russia is nevertheless vigorously preparing for war, and a complete fleet has been assembled in the Pacific since the 12th inst., numbering two ironclads, six clippers, and four steam cruisers. The new levies also this year are to be largely increased, and number 235,000 men.

INDIA.—There is a report that the Ameer of Cabul has been murdered, and that anarchy reigns in the city. It was known that the city was in a somewhat disturbed state, and the fact that no communication has been received from our Political Agent lends a colour to the report.

At Candahar all is quiet, and General Phayre will shortly be relieved by General Hume. Ayoub Khan is still at Herat, and it is thought, as soon as he has recovered the effects of his defeat, will recommence intriguing with Yakoub Khan's party, or some other faction, against us. It is therefore felt that some definitive declaration of our intentions concerning Candahar should now be made.

Sir Neville Chamberlain has not yet accepted the succession to Sir Frederick Haines as Commander-in-Chief in India.

MISCELLANEOUS.—From PERSIA we hear that the Kurdish insurrection is exceedingly serious, and that the Sheikh Abdulla has declared himself an independent Sovereign. He has issued a proclamation, enjoining a union of all the Turkish and Persian Kurds as a nation under his own rule. The Persians are taking energetic steps to put down the outbreak.—THE UNITED STATES is still occupied with the electoral campaign, and the popular vote, which will decide the fate of the day, will be taken on Tuesday. A great Democratic meeting and torchlight procession took place in New York on Tuesday.—There is nothing new from BASUTOLAND, save that reinforcements are being sent to Colonel Clarke at Mafeteng, the relief of which we mentioned last week. It is very probable that he is now beleaguered in his turn, and much anxiety is felt regarding the capability of the Colonial forces to cope with the Basutos. The land cable between Natal and Cape Colony, which passes through Griqua Land, has been cut.



AFTER spending some days at the Glassalt Shiel, the Queen and Princess Beatrice returned at the end of last week to Balmoral, where they were joined by Prince Leopold, who had been visiting the Marquis of Huntly. On Saturday the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, and Viscount and Viscountess Dalrymple, dined with Her Majesty, and next morning the Queen and the Princess attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating. On Monday Prince Leopold left Balmoral for Claremont. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice will return to Windsor on November 20.

The Prince of Wales and Prince John of Glücksburg spent Saturday shooting in Windsor Great Park, where they had capital sport in company with Prince Christian and Prince William of Germany. The Royal party lunched near Cranbourne Towers, and the Princes of Wales and Glücksburg subsequently returned to town and accompanied the Princess of Wales to the Court Theatre. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and Prince John attended Divine Service. Next day Prince and Princess Christian with their nieces the Princesses of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince William of Germany, lunched at Marlborough House, and in the evening the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince John of Glücksburg were present at the Masonic banquet given by the Lord Mayor, the Prince of Wales investing Prince John with the office of Past Grand Warden—a distinction set apart for foreigners famous in the craft. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Connaught went to the Strand Theatre, and on Tuesday night the Princess and Prince John were at the St. James's Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince of Wales went to stay with the Duke of Grafton at Euston Hall, Thetford, Prince John of Glücksburg going on a visit to Mrs. Gerard Leigh at Luton Hoo, Luton. The Prince of Wales will visit the Norwich Fat Show on the opening day—the 18th prox., he being President of the Norfolk and Norwich Christmas Show Association.

The Duke of Edinburgh went to Ramsgate on Monday to inspect the coastguard.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Saturday visited Hampstead to lay the foundation stone of the North London Consumption Hospital at Mount Vernon, part of which is already completed. After the Duke had laid the stone with the usual ceremony the Duchess received purses in aid of the funds, and the Duke and Duchess inspected the institution before leaving.—The Grand Duke of Hesse and his children left London for Darmstadt at the end of last week, the Prince of Wales accompanying them to the station. Princess Christian was present on Wednesday at the wedding of Captain Holmes, Librarian of Windsor Castle, with Miss Gee, daughter of the Vicar of Windsor.

Next February will probably be noted for two important weddings, those of the future Emperors of Germany and Austria. The marriage of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and Princess Stéphanie remains fixed for February 15th, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with Prince William, will be among the guests; while February 26th has been named as the wedding day of Prince William of Germany and the Princess Victoria-Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein. The latter betrothed pair, with the Princess's younger sister, are staying with Prince Christian at Cumberland Lodge.—The King and Queen of Spain have been to the Atocha Church in State to present their infant daughter at the shrine of the Virgin, according to long-established custom. All the State dignitaries were present, and the streets of Madrid were lined with troops and gaily decorated.



THE PROSPECTS OF CHRISTIAN RE-UNION are not, according to the Bishop of Liverpool, very hopeful. Speaking on Tuesday at a meeting of British and Foreign Bibles Society, his lordship said he was pleased to see a number of his Nonconformist brethren on the same platform with himself, but remarked that “the conduct of the Church in bygone days had rendered the divisions between them so great, that he could not expect it to be healed until the Lord should come again.”

RESULTS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY.—The *Record* in a long article on this subject says that though it is obviously impossible to measure all the results of such an event, it is clear that men's minds have been directed by it to circumstances connected with the system which had not received generally the recognition to which they were entitled. 1st. The reality of the success achieved by Sunday Schools has been triumphantly established. 2nd. Their Church of England origin has been once more vindicated. 3rd. The connexion of the Sunday School and the Church has been fully discussed. 4th. The relation of the Sunday School to the Public Elementary School has been considered. 5th. The practicability of extending the influence of Sunday Schools has received considerable attention. 6th. The various means which have been and are now employed for the improvement of Sunday Schools have been brought under public notice, and finally many hearts have been inspired with earnest purposes which will bear fruit in the increased numbers and efficiency of Sunday School teachers.—The *Church Sunday School Magazine* says that it would be an immense advance on the present system if the teachers would assemble half an hour before the children, each one having prepared the lesson for his own class, and confer with the superintendent or clergyman, who might point out the particular points to be enforced, and decide what hymns should be sung, explaining their bearing on the lessons to be taught.

PURCHASE IN THE CHURCH.—The Bishop of Manchester, replying to a letter signed “Promotion by Merit,” written in ridicule of the sale of livings, which spoke of him as “the only bishop who refused to obey a Royal mandate” (to inform the Purchase Commission how many livings in his diocese had been bought and sold in the last six years), says that he simply declared his inability to answer, as the information could only have been obtained by correspondence with each of 190 incumbents whom he had admitted during the period referred to. He adds that it would be an insult as well as an absurdity to ask an incumbent who had taken the solemn oath against simony whether his living had been bought or sold.

THE NEW BURIALS ACT continues to be the subject of much comment and controversy, some of the Bishops and clergy condemning it, and expressing their determination to allow nothing, not even the tolling of the church bell, which is not forced upon them by the strict letter of the law, whilst others adopt a more liberal tone. The Bishop of St. David's, in his recent Diocesan Charge, defends the Act in a most outspoken manner, as being both just and expedient. Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., in reply to a deputation of Welsh Methodists, has stated, that under the new law the clergy

have no right to demand payment instead of the offerings, (where offerings have hitherto been customary), that the twenty-four hours of Sunday is to be recognised as forming part of the necessary of notice time; and that the clergy individually have no right to decline the burial of a non-parishioner. The Teddington burial scandal has been amicably settled, the vicar admitting the legal right of interment in the churchyard. The child, who had been dead a fortnight, was buried by Bishop Sugden, of the Free Church of England.

ST. JAMES'S, HATCHAM.—The *Record* publishes a lengthy correspondence between Mr. H. W. Sanders, the people's churchwarden of the above parish, and the Vicar, the Rev. H. A. Walker, the former proposing that a list of the practices complained of by both sides should be sent to the Bishop for adjudication; and the latter altogether declining to accede to the proposition.

HERESY IN THE SCOTCH CHURCH.—Professor Robertson Smith is being prosecuted for his contribution to the new volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," published immediately after his acquittal by the General Assembly in May last. The Committee appointed in August have now reported "the tendency of the writings is fitted to throw the Old Testament history into confusion, and to weaken, if not destroy, the very foundation on which New Testament doctrines is built;" and the Commission of the Free Church, at a special meeting on Wednesday, after a lengthy and animated debate, adopted, by 270 votes to 202, a motion which practically suspends Professor Smith until May next. He, however, protested strongly against the proceedings as unconstitutional, and may very possibly think proper to ignore the verdict. The cry of heresy has also been raised against a volume of sermons, published early in the year, written by thirteen authors, and edited by the Rev. Professor Knight, who some years ago left the Free Church for the Established Church of Scotland. It is said that the "heresy hunters," having failed in their endeavour to bring the book as a whole, and its authors as a collective company, before the General Assembly, are now attacking it in detail; the Rev. W. Leckie M'Farlan, of Lenzie, being the first one selected for prosecution before the Glasgow Presbytery, on account of his two sermons, in which, as is alleged, he argues against the Verbal Infallibility of Scripture and the doctrine of Plenary Inspiration; and abandons the dogmas of the Descent of Man from Adam, the Fall of Adam, the Imputation of his Guilt to his Posterity, Salvation by "Election," and Eternal Punishment. The Presbytery have held several meetings on the subject, and after warmly discussing a variety of motions of all degrees of severity, last week agreed, by 25 votes to 21, to remit the sermons to a committee, with instructions to confer with Mr. M'Farlan, and report at an early date.

A NEW CARMELITE CONVENT just established at Lillie Road, Fulham, was formally opened on Friday last. Cardinal Manning being too ill to perform the ceremony, Bishop Weathers officiated in his stead, and the sermon was preached by Father Felix, a M'Leese Carmelite, who contrasted the condition of the Religious Orders in France and England, and said that in their own monastery were now some refugee priests, the first of this Order whom anti-Christian persecution had driven from a country, the majority of whose inhabitants were Catholics, to a land which, although Protestant, afforded them a ready shelter. After the Mass the Bishop and clergy, followed by the congregation, went in procession through the building, and consecrated the various "cells," which will be occupied by the nuns, who will be completely shut out from the world, even from their own relatives.

THE REV. JOHN RODGERS, Vicar of the St. Thomas, Charterhouse, and Vice-Chairman of the London School Board, died on Monday from inflammation of the lungs, after a very short illness. He was one of the most active and energetic member of the London School Board, and his loss will be severely felt by his colleagues.



MR. BOUCICAULT'S new play at the ADELPHI Theatre has at least furnished that productive dramatist with an opportunity of showing that his powers as an actor, so far from being impaired by the illness of which we had last summer some rather alarming accounts, are capable of even taking a wider range than they have ever taken before. His acting in the part of The O'Dowd—the honest Irish farmer, illiterate, yet able to boast of being the representative of one of the oldest Irish families in Galway; rough of manner and uncouth in appearance, yet tender-hearted, generous, and devoted—is really a very fine performance. The old man has been in early life a pilot and fish salesman; and we learn that by one lucky stroke in rescuing a ship in distress, steering her through a channel known only to himself and his son Michael, he had made a fortune in the shape of salvors' share. Thus he has become the proprietor of lands worth 20,000*l.*, on which he lives in a homely way, greatly respected and esteemed by the country round about. His pride still centres in his son Michael, whom he sends to Dublin University, then to London to study law. The young man's love of grand society, which the father unwisely encourages, leads him into extravagances. He is in the hands of money-lenders; has given acceptances signed with the *nom de plume* affixed by him to his poems and articles in magazines. This is, in the eye of the law, forgery. So the money-lender and a tool come to Ireland; descend upon the happy home just when the son has been returned to Parliament as the representative of a neighbouring borough, and compel the father, under threats of ruin and exposure, to sacrifice all his property to save his son. This main incident, and the consequent return of The O'Dowd to his old humble calling, descending even to a lower grade as a mere hawker of fish with a barrow, necessarily remind the spectator of the late Mr. Oxenford's adaptation from the French called *The Porter's Knot*. But The O'Dowd is not only destitute, he has become feeble-minded beyond even the state of second childhood, and it is here that Mr. Boucicault finds scope for the most natural and pathetic of all the touching details with which the performance abounds. The great charm of this scene, as well as that in which the terrible secret of his son's misdeeds is first imparted to him, lies in the extreme simplicity, freshness, and quiet power of the means which the actor employs. The spectator is not able to detect in it much that reminds him of other exhibitions of pathos on the stage, and yet he is made to feel that what the old man says and does, together with the inflections of the voice, are drawn out of the inexhaustible resources of Nature herself. Very happily blended with all these moving characteristics we have an abundant supply of Mr. Boucicault's thoroughly Irish humour, and odd mixture of simplicity and shrewdness. The portrait of the old man is indeed complete. We would gladly speak in as high terms of the play in general, but it is unfortunately somewhat conventional in its foundations, and not in itself very interesting. The baseness of the young man is too abruptly represented to receive the needful mitigating touches. We do not see how he falls into folly and crime; do not learn much of the force of the temptations to which he has been exposed, and consequently cannot combine with our sense of his ungrateful requital of a fond and worthy

fathers' goodness, that element of pity which may save a hero under such conditions from becoming utterly contemptible. Mr. Henry Neville plays this part with perhaps as much effect as it is capable of, and Miss Foote as the heroine does no less. But the character of the old man is the really redeeming feature; though we have some clever character sketches—that of a fashionable young lady of the advanced modern style for example, who atones for her rather obtrusive faults of manner by a really kind and generous nature. This part is admirably acted by Miss Pateman. The villainous money-lender furnishes Mr. Taylor with some occasion for his dry humour, and Mr. Pateman, Mr. E. Compton, Mr. Proctor, Miss Le Thière, Miss Jecks, Mr. Frew, and Mr. Fox also distinguish themselves in minor parts. The scenery is picturesque; and the illustrations of Irish life and manners are perhaps sufficient to justify the author's claim to have illustrated "Life in Galway."

The burlesque of *The Corsican Brothers* at the Gaiety Theatre is in the true vein of parody, and thus resembles more closely the travesties of forty years since, than the incoherent glittering extravaganzas which go by the name of burlesque in these days. So far there is reason to be grateful to Mr. Burnand and Mr. Pottinger Stephens, joint authors of *The Corsican Brothers and Co., Limited*—unless the spectator should, like Coleridge, hold in abhorrence all parodies. Any way the new piece, which is very cleverly written in rhymed couplets, affords great amusement; and some of its not-by-any-means ill-natured satire are directed against little exaggerations and trifling solecisms in the Lyceum performance which seem to offer fair mark for this sort of treatment. Mr. Irving's occasional displays of unnecessary energy—his rather violent mode of taking off a Corsican sash or placing a chair; or his curious tendency to illustrate Mr. Smiles's favourite principle of "self-help" when at his own table, without much regard to the needs of his guest Maynard, may be cited as examples. Mr. Royce has moreover caught very cleverly those peculiarities which lie on the mere surface of Mr. Irving's impersonations, all which awaken instant recognition and loud laughter. This is sufficiently indicative of the spirit of the piece. The very "tableau curtain," which the writer of the Monday article on the Theatres in the *Daily News* tells us cost 740*l.*, becomes the subject of a ludicrous parody; and the ghost, the duel, and above all the masked ball—here supposed to take place at Mabile—are incidents all turned to profitable account in this way. With Miss Farren, Miss Kate Vaughan, Mr. Squires, Mr. Dallas, and other clever members of Mr. Hollingshead's company actively engaged in these proceedings, not to speak of the anonymous and mute performers who represent the file of soldiers of extraordinary varieties of height, the piece progresses merrily, and is beyond question a success. At present it follows *The Mighty Dollar*. For this, however, there will shortly be substituted another piece, in which Mr. and Mrs. Florence will appear.

The opening of the NEW PRINCESS has been postponed till Saturday, November 6th, when Mr. Edwin Booth, the American actor, is to make his appearance in *Hamlet*. Other forthcoming novelties are the new comic opera, *Les Mousquetaires*, at the GLOBE; and a new musical extravaganza, called *Billet Taylor*, written by Mr. Pottinger Stephens, with music by Mr. Edward Solomon, at the IMPERIAL; not to speak of the reproduction at the OLYMPIC, with a new cast, of Mr. Willing's drama, called *Delilah*, from the PARK Theatre, Camden Town, where it was produced about three weeks ago.—On Wednesday Mr. Charles Warner appeared at the NEW SADLER'S WELLS as Claude Melnotte in *The Lady of Lyons*, a part which suits him better than that of Othello. The Pauline is Miss Isabel Bateman.—On Monday the adaptation of the Dutch drama, *Anne Mie*, some time in preparation, will be brought out at the PRINCE OF WALES'S.—At the LYCEUM there will be two extra morning performances of *The Corsican Brothers* on the 3rd and 10th November.

At the GRECIAN a never-before-acted drama, written by the late Mr. Watts Phillips, is attracting appreciative audiences. It is called *Black Mail*, a title which is sufficiently suggestive of its motif. Mr. J. H. Clydes is very effective as Peter Mumm, a rogue, who having become possessed of a compromising letter belonging to a lady of high family, demands "black mail" from her, but in the end is outwitted by her daughter's lover, a poor artist, who turns out to be heir to a Dukedom. Miss M. A. Victor and Mr. Harry Monkhouse work hard as a pair of comic lovers. They also appear to great advantage as Mr. and Mrs. White in the screaming farce, *A Day at Richmond*.

THE BRITANNIA presents a dramatised version of the career of Ned Kelly, the notorious Australian Bushranger, the after piece being Macdermott's drama, *Through the Fire*, in which Mrs. Lane appears.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE alarming increase in the London death rate, which accompanied the fogs of last winter, seems to have called the attention of many scientific men to the question of fogs, their causes, and means for their prevention. Whilst some suggest that private householders should be subject to the same legislation which compels manufacturers to consume their own smoke, others accept the pea-soup atmosphere as an unpleasant necessity, and suggest various impossible schemes for its dispersion. Even that young and energetic Association known as the Balloon Society have discussed the matter, and have suggested various means whereby an aeronaut may contribute to a knowledge of the subject. It is proposed to bottle samples of the fog at different elevations, and to submit them to careful analysis in order to trace their constituents to a place of origin. Another suggestion emanating from the same body is to explode charges of dynamite in mid air—to disperse the unwelcome and pungent vapour. Whether a real, dark, suffocating metropolitan fog could be frightened away by such an artifice remains to be proved, but another scheme which has been brought under our notice, and which aims at prevention rather than cure, certainly seems to be of a more practical kind. A chemical mixture consisting of a few well-known commercial substances dissolved in water is sprinkled on the offending coals as they burn in the grate. This has the effect of increasing the combustion, and burning up any noxious gas or solid carbon which would otherwise pass up the chimney as smoke. Both simplicity and economy are claimed for this invention, in that its application requires no skilled labour, no alteration to existing fire-places, and the value of coal as a fuel is much enhanced by its operation. The occupation of the sweep would be no more, and this fact, however unfortunate for the sweep, would by the householder be regarded as an additional boon.

As an addition to the many instruments which have of late years been devised, whereby sounds are reproduced by the agency of electricity, there has been now contrived the most wonderful perhaps of all, namely, the Photophone of Professor Graham Bell. The rapid succession of these marvellous appliances which the present century has seen seems to diminish considerably the borderland between romance and reality, and it is lucky for their inventors that they are produced in an age when sorcery and witchcraft are no longer considered the sources of all that is not readily comprehensible.

When Professor Bell was in this country in 1878 introducing his telephone to the Royal Society, he spoke of the possibility of hearing the impact of a beam of light upon a piece of selenium. The germ of the photophone lies in that statement, and Professor Bell, with the able assistance of Mr. S. Tainter, has after a long series of practical experiments succeeded in producing an instrument by which not only is the impact of light heard, but in which a ray of light is made to convey articulate speech.

It will be remembered that selenium is a mineral possessing the curious property of resisting the passage of an electric current according to the amount of light to which it is subjected. So that if a piece of it be in circuit with a voltaic battery the strength of current is proportional to the amount of illumination it receives. Professor Bell and his colleague gave a long list of substances which they find to be also sensitive to light vibrations, but they have chosen selenium as being the one most sensitive to such impressions.

The instrument consists of a receiver and transmitter. The former is a cell of selenium held in the focus of a parabolic reflector, as shown in Fig. 1. R is the reflector, S the selenium cell, made up of alternate discs of mica and tin. The mica discs are smaller

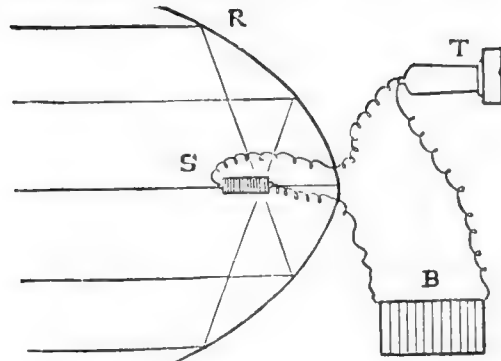


FIG. 1.

than the others, and the spaces thus caused are filled in with selenium. The tin discs are insulated from each other by the mica, and have no electrical connection with one another but through the selenium. A contact screw at each end of the cell permits it to be placed in circuit with the battery B, and the telephone T.

The nature of the transmitter will be understood by reference to Fig. 2. It consists of a mirror A, about two inches in diameter,

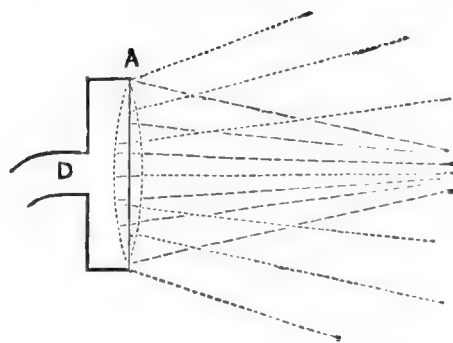


FIG. 2.

made of the thin glass which is used for covering microscopic objects. This extreme thinness (about 1-200th of an inch) is employed, so that the mirror can be readily vibrated. At the back of the case which holds it is an opening giving attachment to a speaking tube D, through which sounds can be conveyed to the back of the mirror. The effect of such sounds is to throw the glass into active vibration, in the course of which it becomes necessarily concave and convex alternately, as shown by the curved outlines. Light is concentrated upon this mirror by means of a lens (not shown in the figure), and is reflected from it towards the selenium cell. When the mirror is convex the rays are dispersed, as shown by the dotted lines; but when it assumes a concave form they are drawn together, as exhibited by the broken lines. In this way the selenium is constantly subjected to variations in the intensity with which it is illuminated, and such variations affecting the telephone in circuit with it reproduce the sounds which originally threw the mirror into activity. In the microphone the sounds are conveyed in consequence of sonorous vibrations causing variations of resistance. In the photophone the same effect is secured by the action of light vibrations on a sensitive substance.

Speech has been conveyed in this novel manner for a distance of 250 yards, but we may be confident that this need not be considered a maximum. Whether the invention will, like the telephone, become of practical use remains to be proved. The time may possibly come when the heliograph—our most useful ally in modern warfare—will be rechristened heliophone. But whatever be the future application of the instrument—whether it become a commercial success, or remain on the shelf of the laboratory—it must always represent a scientific triumph of an extraordinary kind.

With the advent of the dark evenings the electric light is again coming into prominence, and many improvements are recorded. Mr. Edison announces the completion of his experiments, and we may soon hope to see some of the perfected lamps in this country. The lamp as now made differs little in form from that which appeared in these columns some months ago. The carbon horseshoe is now made out of a species of Japanese bamboo, which undergoes a chemical preparation before being reduced to carbon. It is said to be strong enough to withstand rough treatment, but falls to pieces after a life representing six months' incandescence for five hours per night. The cost of the lamp (50 cents) allows of its easy replacement when its existence is brought to a close. The Royal Albert Dock, the new extension of the Victoria Docks, is now splendidly illuminated on the Siemens system. In the mean time the Brush machine and lamp are making steady progress in public estimation, and a brilliant light of 47,000 candle-power has recently been constructed on this principle at the suggestion of the Admiralty authorities. The light is intended for special application in various naval operations.

T. C. H.

WRITING ON GLASS has become possible for every one by means of an invention called "Sabatier Ink." The preparation is applied with an ordinary pen to any glass surface, and cannot be washed or rubbed off. It is likely to be of considerable use to chemists, opticians, and photographers, and in the household, and is perhaps adaptable to purposes of artistic decoration.

LONDON MORTALITY again increased last week, and 1,518 deaths were registered against 1,405 during the previous week, an increase of 113, being 59 above the average, and at the rate of 21.6 per 1,000. These deaths included 323 from diseases of the respiratory organs (against 273 last week, and exceeding the average by 38), 7 from small-pox (an increase of 1), 22 from measles (an increase of 2), 58 from scarlet fever (a decline of 12), 11 from diphtheria (an increase of 3), 11 from whooping-cough (a decline of 6), 24 from different forms of fever (a decrease of 3), and 59 from diarrhoea (a decline of 7). There were 2,361 births registered against 2,606 during the previous week, being 200 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 42.9 deg., and 7.6 deg. below the average. There were 7.1 hours of registered bright sunshine, the sun being above the horizon during 72.4 hours.

VIEWS IN MINNESOTA, U.S.A.

OWING to its fertility, its commercial activity, and its picturesque features, the State of Minnesota, which is about equal in area to the island of Great Britain, is well worth the attention of the tourist from Europe. It possesses every variety of soil, in some parts it is covered by extensive forests, in others it has large tracts of prairies. It is extremely well watered, and contains an immense number of lakes. The winter is severe; the summer is hot, but not unhealthy.

Entering Minnesota from the east, the traveller crosses the St. Croix River, and cannot fail to notice the floating logs which at times get jammed, so that the skilful efforts of a large number of lumberers are required to ease the block, and set the logs booming down stream, to be cut up by the extensive sawmills at Stillwater, on the same river, or further down at Quincy or St. Louis on the Mississippi.

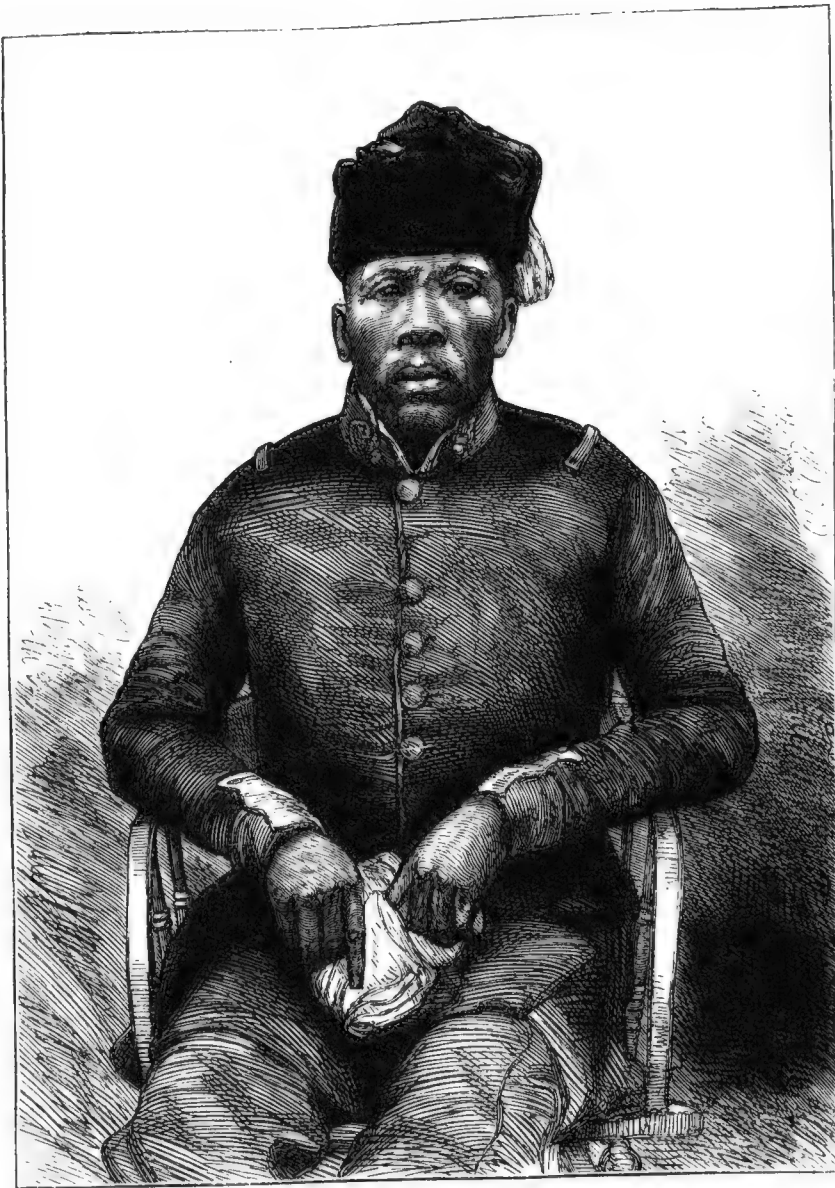
Another engraving shows the "Dallas" (bluffs) of the St. Croix, probably the most picturesque part of the State, and a favourite resort of tourists. The deep and silent river flows for some six miles between high bluffs and rocky cliffs, sometimes rough and rugged, and again clothed with tall pine trees, sturdy oaks, and abundant underwood, forming scenes of mingled beauty and wildness.

The Falls of St. Anthony, situated at the limits of navigation on the Mississippi, and distant some 2,000 miles from the mouth of that river, may have lost something of their pictorial effect, but have gained in celebrity, by the rapid growth of Minneapolis, with its large flour and saw mills, which the enormous water power of the Falls is employed to work. The Flour Mills of Minneapolis are capable of turning out about 12,000 barrels of flour daily.

The Silver Cascade is one of the numerous waterfalls with which this region abounds. It vies with the far-famed Minnehaha in beauty, and only waits another Longfellow to sing its praises.

Fort Snelling occupies an imposing site on a high bluff at the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi, and commands a glorious view of those noble rivers, with their richly-wooded banks. The fort was built in 1819 to keep the Indians in check; and, though not needed for this purpose now, is still occupied as a military station.

The Tail Race Excavations at Sioux Falls introduce us to one of the recent developments of Western enterprise. The water power comes next to the Falls of St. Anthony in this region.



THE BASUTO WAR — MASUPHA, THE BASUTO CHIEF

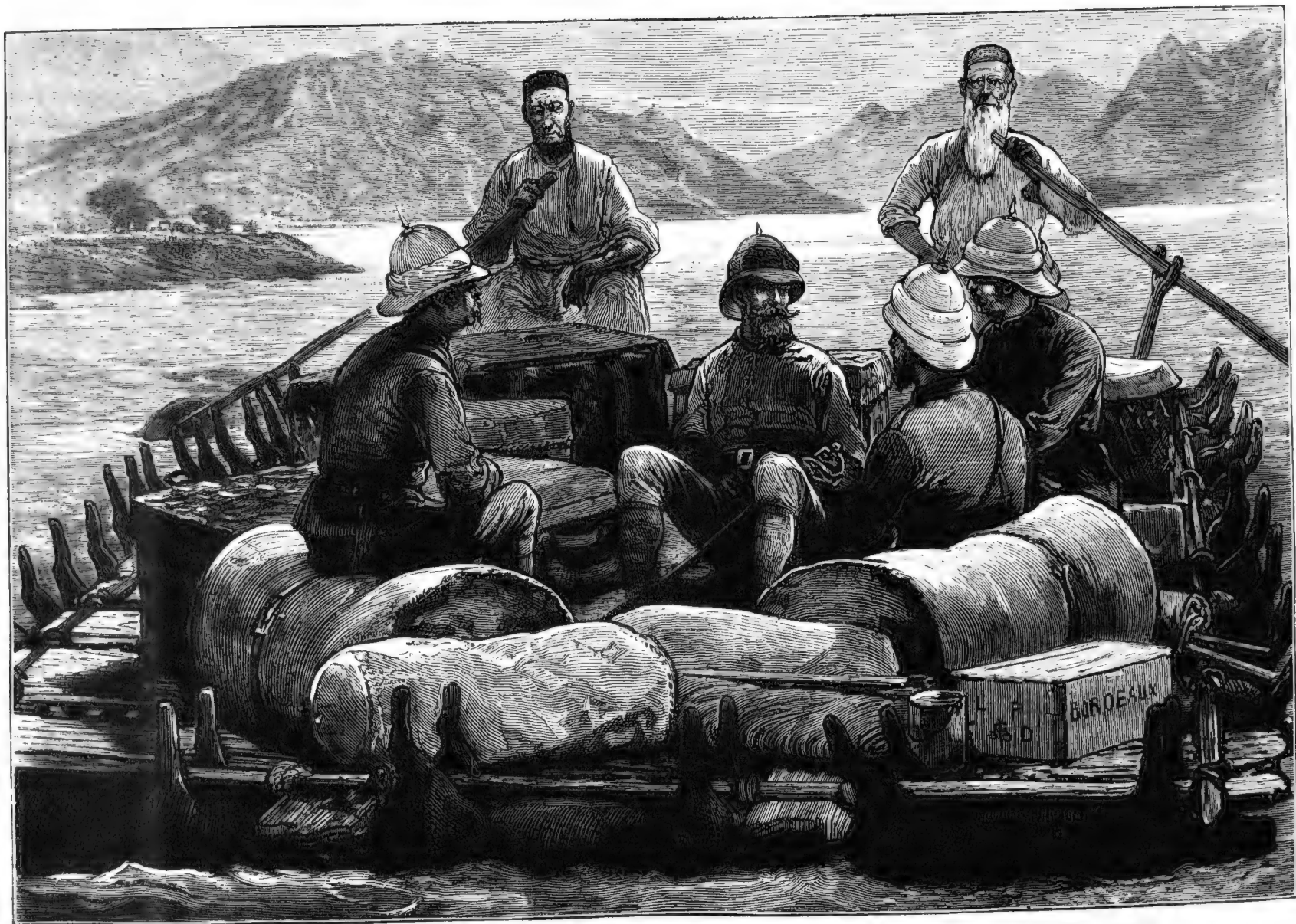
Here on the confines of Dakota, where lately the Red Indian and the bison abounded, large crops of wheat are grown, and splendid herds of sheep and cattle feed. A large flour mill, with all the modern improvements, and a capacity of 1,200 barrels daily, has been built; and the spirited proprietors intend to develop the water power by the erection of paper mills, to work up the straw which now goes to waste; woollen mills to spin and weave the fleeces of the increasing flocks; sugar mills to convert the juice of the amber sugar cane, which flourishes here, to good and wholesome sugar; and also an agricultural implement factory. So it is that the hand of man is rapidly subduing the face of Nature. The wilderness and the solitary places are made to blossom as the rose, and the wants of the poor and needy are being supplied from what has been aptly called the Land of Plenty.

The Minnesota Ice Harvest represents an important industry. No American can do without his iced water or sherry cobbles or brandy smashes, and the mighty Mississippi and the numerous lakes and smaller rivers provide the requisite ice in abundance.

The Maiden Rock is one of the picturesque features on Lake Pepin, through which the Mississippi flows. The story goes that an Indian maiden loved a white man against the chief, her father's, will, who sternly commanded her to forget her pale-faced lover and prepare to wed a neighbouring chief; but the maiden, strong in her affections, while feigning obedience, stole quietly to this rock and dashed herself from its giddy eminence.

Our engravings are from photographs respectively by Zimmerman, D. J. Brown, and F. E. Loomis, of Minnesota and Dakota, furnished to us by Mr. Finlay Dun, 2, Portland Place, W.

THE ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION continues to make steady progress, and the work has greatly developed within the past year, new centres having been formed at nearly thirty towns in England, besides numerous detached classes. Advanced classes for ladies who have passed through the elementary course have been held, and instruction has been given to the metropolitan and provincial police, while 4,400 pupils have received certificates. Several works on help to the injured have been issued, and the Association has supplied a considerable quantity of ambulance material. Contributions towards extending the work of the Association will be thankfully received at The Chancery, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C.



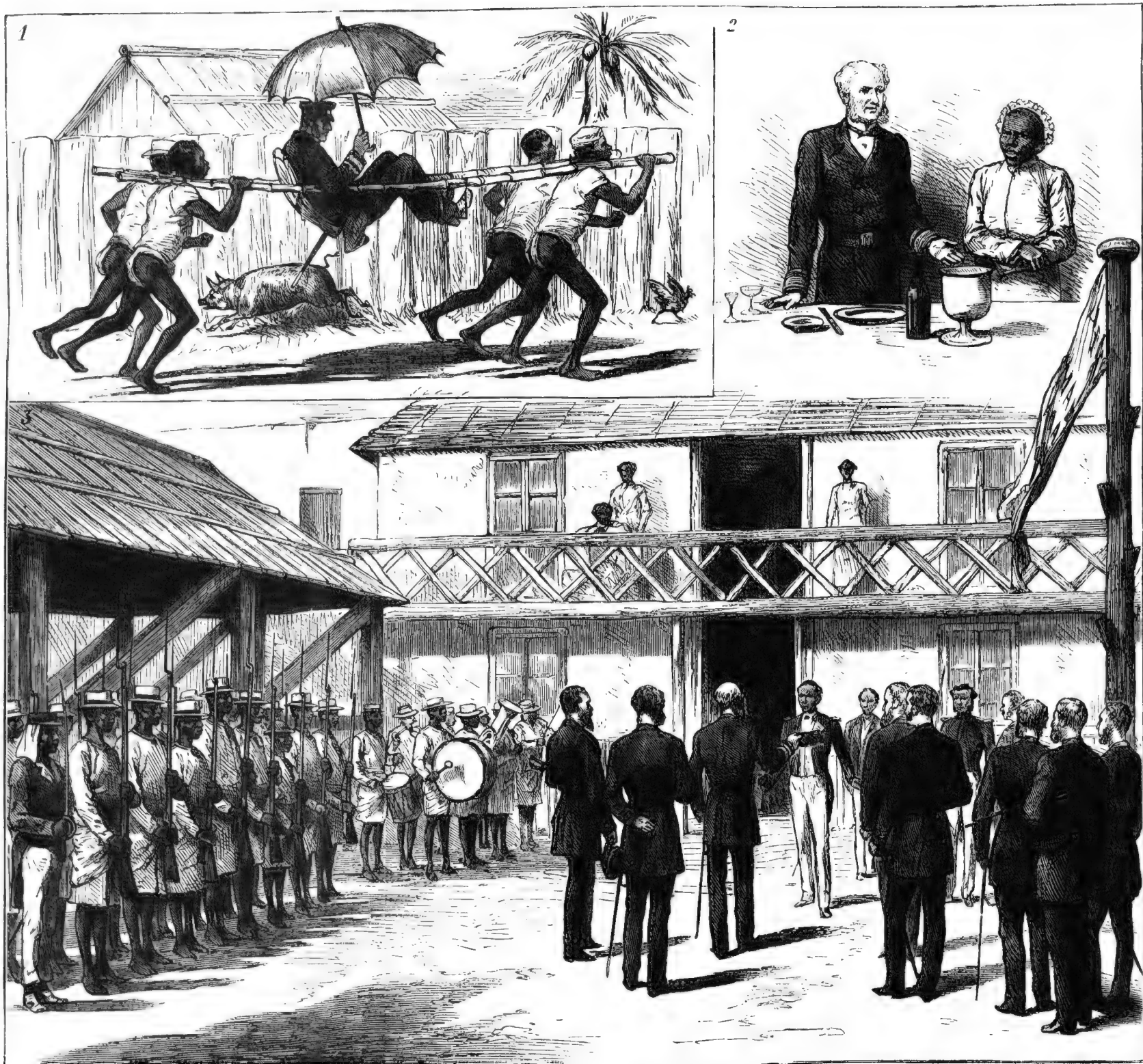
AFGHANISTAN — HOMEWARD BOUND FROM CABUL: THE STAFF DESCENDING THE CABUL RIVER



THE RIGHT HON. A. H. THESIGER, P.C., LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL
Died Oct. 20, aged 42



LIEUT. E. S. MARSH, 7TH ROYAL FUSILIERS
Killed in the Sortie from Kandahar on Aug. 16, aged 22



1. Going to the Dinner.—2. Princess Juliette of Madagascar Interpreting for the Admiral.—3. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief Receiving the Admiral and the British Officers.
MADAGASCAR — VISIT OF REAR-ADMIRAL GORE JONES, C.B., TO THE GOVERNOR OF TAMATAVE

THE INTERNATIONAL BALLOON CONTEST

It is very probable that none of my fellow-countrymen ever enjoyed so completely as myself the hospitality of your great nation. Not only when I have been cast away an exile on these free shores have I found shelter in your huge cities, but at a later period I have been admitted into the endless labyrinth of your coal-fields, and just now I have floated the flag of my land in your very clouds.

Under so unexceptionable circumstances I feel it a duty to use their language to convey my impressions to the English public, thinking it is the best compliment, even with my imperfect knowledge of the peculiarities of their literature, that I may possibly pay to them.

Although many parts of fair France have successively glided away many times before my admiring eyes when looking to the earth from the car of my balloon, I have never gazed on so exciting a landscape as on the 21st of October, when ascending from the Crystal Palace grounds, a little after 3 P.M. This balloon contest has been quite extraordinary in that respect.

Neither your fields nor your groves were of so dark a shade, or of so sombre or so uniform a colour as I anticipated from my experience of the British air on board the Giffard Captive Balloon at Ashburnham Park.

The exciting scenery was enlivened by the variegation of fading leaves which fast coming winter had already gilded; it was cheered by numerous patches of whitish snow, scattered over grazing land, like so many fleeces robbed from your lambs.

During the whole of the excursion, which lasted a little more than two hours, the place of the sun was very seldom marked by its rays. But the upper part of the sky was occupied by some dozens of immense linear clouds stretching parallel to the direction of the wind, for a distance of many miles, and which an ocular illusion of prospect was exhibiting diverging from its very disc.

The transparency of the lower part of the atmosphere was in some respects impaired by an almost imperceptible fog, only really visible when our balloon was hovering over some distant stream, of which the windings and the shores were seen as if covered by some clear, crystalline water, or rather by some immense Titanic glass case.

This ethereal vapour was so thin altogether that once, only once, we were enabled, my friend M. Perron and myself, to see the crown of the aeronaut encircling our Republican heads, when our shadow was reflected by it. Even then at this very moment the transparent matter possessed so little density that all the details of the landscape could be seen through its most dazzling parts, so that Shelley could have made out of it Queen Mab's horses, Queen Mab's car, and may be Queen Mab herself.

Apprehending, not without some solid grounds, to trespass upon your valuable space, I am obliged to omit a number of observations which will have some interest principally for scientific persons; but I cannot abstain from mentioning a phenomenon which was observed on board the two balloons, the first time at 4.40 P.M., and the second at 4.50 P.M., and which, in this photophonic age, will perhaps give rise to a number of speculations. We heard twice, during almost a full minute, a sweet harmony, which had nothing in common with any music produced by human agency, and which reminded me of the aerial sounds so aptly described by Shakespeare in the *Tempest*.

It is not impossible that this sublime melody may have been produced by the heating power of the setting sun acting upon the South Downs which we were fast nearing. I have no real objection to believe that the rhythmic vibrations can have been sent through the space, as if some Memnon's statue had been played upon by some rays penetrating through an opportune rift left between some of the parallel clouds which I have already described.

The thermic telephone of Mr. Preece, the chief electrician of the Post Office, gives some probability to this poetical explanation. But I should feel rather inclined to suppose that this extraordinary sound was produced by the waves of the sea receding gently from the British shores.

At all events, my impression was that such was the case, and that it might become necessary to prepare for landing, and to come in closer vicinity with mother earth.

Owing to this manoeuvring we had not had a glance of the sea, except after having actually crossed the range. Then the spectacle was sudden as well as grand and impressive, although limited by fogs in the direction of the Isle of Wight, and by the lessened quantity of light, which was almost twilight. We had before us the whole of Bedmanton Grounds, extending from Portsmouth and Portsea Island up to Southampton, and also a part of the Solent.

It was hardly possible to fear any danger when witnessing such a scene, and Perron was unwilling to open the valve, as he apprehended the British balloon, having more land, might win the game. Havant also was barring our way, and its houses could be turned into shoals, if we should land to windward of the village.

When we opened the valve it was too late for making up the land, and we were sent in the direction of a few low and small islands, which were seen at the distance of about a mile in the south-westerly direction, and which are mapped on the Admiralty charts as Bedmanton Grounds.

The rest of our ballast was sent down, and our descent was moderated, but not enough to preventing us receiving our first bump in a channel of which the breadth is a few hundred feet. The guide-rope, partially uncoiled, had been also disposed of, and we were dragged by the wind in a slanting direction, showing that our speed had been greatly diminished by the friction on the waves.

This experiment is of some importance for aeronauts, as it shows that the guide-rope, partially uncoiled, can be used on the sea as well as a fully developed guide-rope on land, and very likely with greater advantage.

When the channel was crossed Perron and I opened the valve, and the grapnel was lowered. It held fast in the bushes of the island, and the balloon was laid down on the sand, which was covered with a little water to leeward.

It was then 5h. 19m., and during two or three minutes we continued opening the valve by hauling on the line.

When a sufficient quantity of gas had escaped Perron got out of the car to untie the indiarubber band, which keeps the valves closed, and Commander Cheyne, as well as myself, jumped out on to the sand to decide what was to be done in order to protect the balloon from the effects of the next spring tide.

The only thing to do was to carry it on the island, which is quite uncultivated, and to place it above high-water mark; but we were not strong enough to try the job.

Happily we had been seen by a number of lads in the employ of Bedmanton Water Reservoirs Company, who came one by one to the rescue. At 5.40 we had about nine of them.

We began by lifting our balloon according to the rules of the Academy of Meteorological Ascension. We placed it on the car, and carried it to the very top of the island.

This having been done, Commander Cheyne advised us to get to a place where we could find a conveyance for ourselves to Portsmouth, and a telegraph office for communicating with the London Press.

This part of the work was really difficult. We did not reach land, but after having marched during an hour in sand and water up to the knees, if we had not have placed ourselves under the guidance of the lads we should not have been able to find our way, and we should have been lost in quicksands. But if left to ourselves we should have stayed out all night in the island, lighting a

fire with seaweed, and living upon cakes and wine which Captain Pim had obligingly brought from his home to the Palace, and which we had carried with us in the balloon.

All these victuals were given to our lads in acknowledgment of their services, and we drank with them a loving cup.

When on shore our way was rather more difficult, as it was quite dusk, and we encountered a number of trenches, dykes, fences, &c. It was this part of the way which was really muddy in the extreme.

It was about nine when we reached the telegraph office. The telegraphing took us another hour, and we went by omnibus and by train to Portsmouth Point, where we stopped at a very comfortable hotel, the Star and Garter.

Before going to bed Commander Cheyne had made arrangements with the master of a schooner, who sailed with the morning tide on the 27th for our island with a staff of six robust sailors.

Some of the newspapers have inaccurately stated that the balloon had been shipped up to London from Bedmanton Grounds. It was sent to the Crystal Palace by the Portsmouth line. It arrived on the 29th, and has been sent to the Aquarium for exhibition and lecturing.

As regards the contest I apprehend it is left undecided, and that we have played a drawn game.

W. DE FONVILLE

"WAR CRY" INTELLIGENCE.—One of the most remarkable of modern literary periodical productions is the *War Cry*, "the Official Gazette of the Salvation Army." The leaders of the religious movement in question strongly affect military phraseology and arrangements. They have their Commander-in-Chief, their Generals, Captains, and Lieutenants, the various titles being conferred irrespective of sex. The organ alluded to contains a long array of "reports" from various parts of the country, written in a style that must be rather bewildering to a reader who, for the first time, and ignorant of its speciality, takes up the *War Cry* for perusal. He would in last week's issue find himself informed that at Over Darwen "Captain Clinton is as lively as ever, and as big and as strong, though not a bit too strong for the Over Darwen rough lads, who follow her about the streets," from which it will appear that the Captain is a lady; which one is sorry to hear, as the report continues, "we got a shower of stones in the open-air service, and the Captain got her lip cut through." The military correspondent at Accrington sends information—"Captain Wright has got a tin fiddle, which he made himself, and he can manage to make the thing go very nicely." "A Halle-lujah Private," whose headquarters are at Portsmouth, communicates an interesting, but somewhat mystifying, item of army intelligence:—"Telegrams were sent to the King, and we received immediate answer of two having fallen into the fountain, and swimming safely to the other side," which is scarcely more puzzling to the uninitiated than another bit of news from the same individual:—"Saturday night, free-and-easy. One dear sister, who had been converted three days, spoke with much power of her old man, who said, 'What, missus! Going to the meeting in that old bonnet?' 'Yes,' said she; '2s. 11½d. worth has done for me for four years, and I am going to wear it still. Praise the Lord, He does not mind the headress.'" A warrior of the Army stationed at Openshaw reports to headquarters:—"I found Lieutenant Lancashire all alive, and it being her birthday, she was especially lively. We commenced in the open air, with a band of about thirty soldiers. Look out! Here they come, one after another, until we had a tremendous ring, and then we did some missioning with a vengeance." It has been uncharitably stated that the leaders of the Army have a habit of doing all their "missioning" with a vengeance, especially in the way of shouting. A justification of shouting appears in the same number from which the above extracts are taken:—"Are you a shouter? A great many complain of the shouters. Because they themselves are doubters. The upright in heart shout for joy. Are you upright in heart? There will be shouters in heaven. What will the quiet people do?"

OUR SAVAGE TRIBES.—Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, whose diligent inquiries and merciful ministrations amongst those who are employed on boats and barges on our canals has been productive of an immense amount of good, has for some time past given considerable attention to the gipsy question. Mr. Smith's laudable object is to urge on the authorities the necessity for a stricter control and supervision of the vagabond tribes alluded to, with a view of saving at least the children from growing up confirmed to the heathen habits of their parents. Time out of mind, and down to the present, the swarthy wanderers in houses on wheels have enjoyed much immunity from those wholesome social restrictions cheerfully submitted to by civilised folk. Goodness knows on what grounds, but the gypsies themselves are disposed to claim exception to certain of our statutory edicts as their "birthright." No doubt they are encouraged in this delusion by the superstition, known to still linger in the minds of the ignorant, that besides being a people of themselves, governed by, and owing almost slavish allegiance to some king or queen, an odour of romance still invests them—a forest fragrance that compensates for much that is unsavoury in their habits and customs, and excuses their eccentricities. Those who incline to this idea should have seen a few choice specimens of these "free rovers of the greenwood" as Mr. Smith saw them at Leicester Races. He made it his business to ascertain how many men, women, and children were to be found in the gipsy tents and vans assembled in the vicinity of the racecourse. The place was ankle-deep in mud, and in eighty of these habitations Mr. Smith discovered 400 children and 200 men and women. In one van a woman and eleven children; in another, two men, two women, and eleven children (the indefatigable explorer gives in every case the name inscribed on the vehicle, and where it hailed from); two women and seven children in another, and so on until he reckoned a total of forty-seven women, men, and children huddled in three vans and one tent. Nor must it be imagined that Leicester races were exceptionally patronised by these kennel-dwelling hordes of semi-savages. They may be counted by hundreds at Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster—at every "big meeting" excepting Newmarket. Where they vanish to, and what they do for a subsistence when the last race of the season is over, and the long months of winter intervene between it and next year's recommencement, is a mystery too deep to attempt to fathom in a mere paragraph. One thing is at least clear. It is high time that some interference was attempted, and it is to be hoped that, as is his habit, Mr. Smith will "peg away" at the subject until he compels Government attention to it.

NEGLECTED SCHOOL BOARD SUMMONSES.—It would appear to be almost if not quite time that all concerned in the welfare of our School Board system contrived to work in harmony, and so far as possible make things pleasant all round. It is especially necessary that the compulsory powers entrusted to the executive should be held in respect, and that cases brought before magistrates should command their ready attention. This does not appear to be the case as regards Clerkenwell. At the last weekly meeting of the School Board the Finsbury superintendent had to complain that there was the greatest possible difficulty in getting summonses heard at the Police Court of the district, and proceeded to quote instances. On a Tuesday the superintendent and his visitors attended the Court, and after they had been kept waiting the whole afternoon their batch of summonses was adjourned for fourteen days. Next day another batch was similarly set aside, and again on the Tuesday of the week following the summonses were all adjourned for a fortnight. Three days afterwards the same thing again occurred, the result being that there is now an accumulation of 200 summonses which in the ordinary way of business should have been heard and disposed of. Very justly the superintendent points out that not only

does all this entail a sad waste of time on himself and his officers, it also inflicts a serious hardship on defendants, who are all of the labouring class, to have to dance attendance at a Police Court time after time with no result. "The whole of the summonses set down for hearing at Clerkenwell to-day have been adjourned, thus the time of three visitors, myself, and ten defendants, after waiting the whole afternoon, has been entirely wasted." It surely would be better if such a source of irritation could be avoided. As for the superintendent and his men, they are public servants, and sustain no pecuniary loss by being detained at a Police Court away from their other duties; but it is different as regards working men and women. To waste half a day is with them, probably, to be mulct of the means of buying a breakfast for the family next morning. It is no sufficient answer that the Clerkenwell magistrates have plenty else to do without attending to School Board summonses. It is contempt of Court if a defendant who is commanded to appear fails, and it is equally a contempt of a man's rights and liberty to keep him from his honest labour and wantonly waste his time. Once or twice happening, it might pass as accidental, or, at all events, as unavoidable, but this can scarcely be the case when the summonses are "adjourned" so repeatedly. Admitted that the Clerkenwell magistrates have more work than they can conveniently get through, would it not be possible to appoint some other tribunal for the prompt settlement of School Board summonses?



JUDICIAL CHANGES.—The Long Vacation is over, and legal business will be resumed at Westminster next week. It is announced that the late Lord Justice Thesiger will be succeeded in the Court of Appeal by Mr. Justice Lush, and rumour says that Sir James Hannen will retire from the presidency of the Divorce Court, and be succeeded by Mr. Justice Hawkins; while the two judicial seats thus left vacant will be filled by Mr. Watkins Williams, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Butt, Q.C.—The Right Hon. Sir John Mellor, who lately resigned his seat on the Bench as one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division, has, at the request of the Lord Chancellor, consented to go round the Northern Circuit at the Winter Assizes in place of Baron Huddleston, who is unwell.

A COOL PROPOSAL.—Last week, at the Central Criminal Court, a man named John Watson, whose system of forgery was so perfect and elaborate as to be almost elevated to the dignity of a Fine Art, was tried and convicted, his sentence being postponed. A remarkable feature of the case was that the particular offence with which he was charged was only detected by accident, and not in consequence of any faultiness in his plan of operations. The chief witness against him was a convict named Cherwood, who had been his accomplice in the affair, and who claimed acquaintance with Bidwell, Noyes, and other notorious forgers. Since his apprehension this man had written a long letter to the Governor of Newgate, offering for 15,000l. a year to guarantee to "act as a lightning conductor," and prevent professional forgers from carrying on their vocation in Great Britain. The reading of this unique document in Court is said to have created much laughter, and it is difficult to guess whether it was seriously intended as a new form of the confidence dodge, or simply as an audacious piece of "chaff."

A GAMBLING CLUB.—The libel action instituted against the editor of the *Dayswater Chronicle* by Mr. David John Copping, the proprietor and manager of the Monmouth Club, has deservedly failed, the tables being completely turned against the prosecutor. The trial took place at the Central Criminal Court, and the allegations made in the article complained of, viz., that gambling for high stakes was carried on there by night and day, and even on Sundays, were amply justified by the evidence adduced; so clearly, indeed, that the jury several times interposed, declaring that their minds were made up. The Recorder, in his summing up, significantly remarked that it was unfortunate that six or eight members of the club should now be undergoing penal servitude or imprisonment, that two or three should have absconded, and that one should have committed suicide; and a verdict was at once given for the defendant, the jury remarking that they wished there were more gentlemen like him to take up such matters. The Recorder complimented him for having performed a public duty with great fearlessness and fidelity, and in the best interests of the public, and announced that the costs would follow the verdict. No one can be dissatisfied with the issue of the case, but the fact that because the article was *prima facie* libellous the magistrate had no alternative but to send the case for trial shows the need of some amendment in the law of libel. No clearer proof of the needlessness of the trial could perhaps have been given than the singular plea urged by the prosecuting counsel that his client was "entitled to the benefit of the doubt."

MR. W. H. GLADSTONE, M.P., while staying at Hanbury Hall in August last, was robbed of a set of studs, a diamond pin, and a gold chain, and now a woman, named Donald, who was employed by Lady Vernon at the Hall, has together with her husband been arrested for the theft; two of the studs having been found among some rubbish at a house from which they have just removed.

BURGLARIES AROUND LONDON are as numerous as ever, notwithstanding the fact that extra police patrols and plain-clothes men have been placed on duty in the various districts. The Home Secretary has offered a reward of 100l. for the conviction of the recent burglaries and attempted murders at Lewisham and Blackheath, with a free pardon to any accomplices. It is said that the announcement contains a special clause excluding policemen from participation in the reward.—Robberies from churches and schools have also been very frequent in the Southern suburbs, and three young men have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in them.

A SERIOUS AFFRAY, in which knives were freely used, took place at Eyre Street Hill—a neighbourhood in which many Italians reside. The disturbance arose through the upsetting of a chestnut stall kept by an old man, and the Italians and the English taking sides, a free fight ensued, in which several persons were stabbed. Two of the rioters have been arrested, and the police are looking for others.

CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.—A revolting and shameful murder was committed at Acton on Friday last, the victim being a little girl aged ten, who had been left at home by her parents, the only other person in the house being a man in the father's employ, who is now in custody, and against whom the coroner's jury have returned a verdict, but who has made a statement imputing the crime to a strange man who, he says, called at the house soon after his employer's departure, and sent him away to the railway station. His reason for not giving information was that, having been "in trouble" before for assaults upon children, he was afraid of being himself accused. The body of the poor child was buried on Tuesday, great sympathy and respect being shown by the tradesmen and other residents in the neighbourhood.—Another murder, led up to by circumstances only a little less repulsive, has been committed in Finsbury Park, a married woman being killed by her sister's husband, with whom she had eloped; and who immediately afterwards wounded himself severely with the revolver with which he had shot her.



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For Artistic, Evening, and Reception Robes.

